

HARBOR SURVEY IS AUTHORIZED.

Stephens Reports Victory for Los Angeles Project.

Says It Is Preliminary to Deepening of Channel.

City Gains Everything It Originally Asked For.

(BY FEDERAL WIRELESS LINE TO THE TIMES) WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE TIMES, June 27.—[Special Dispatch.] The Board of Engineers for Rivers and Harbors informed Congressmen Stephens and Bell today that the requests for surveys of the harbor channels urged at the hearing on June 16 would be granted.

This is reversing the former action of the board, which refused to consider the request for surveys on which to base additional harbor work.

"This is very favorable to Los Angeles and Long Beach harbors," said Congressman Stephens tonight. "The Board of Engineers has decided to order the surveys, the cost of which is to be borne by the government throughout the Middle and Central West for several days. The entire Middle West is a furnace. Last night's local storms in Minnesota brought temporary relief and much property destruction to a limited district, but the cold winds did not get beyond the State line."

INFANT MORTALITY HIGH.

Extraordinary precautions are being taken by health authorities to prevent epidemics in the congested areas. With several days of unbroken heat, infant mortality in the ghetto and other densely populated districts leaps to appalling figures. Agents of charitable societies and health departments are on guard in the districts, nursing mothers to the care of babies. Instructions as to the guidance for health are printed in many languages and posted in the foreign quarters.

The Consumers Ice Company has issued free coupon books to all agents of charitable associations, ministers, priests, rabbits, visiting nurses, and other legitimate agencies and is delivering thousands of tons of ice free of charge all through the congested territory.

With the increasing heat, the relative humidity today stood at 42, greatly aggravating the situation. The long period of torridity is especially deadly for horses, which drop in the streets in large numbers.

EPIDEMIC FEARED.

Fears of an epidemic are being voiced by physicians because of the filthy streets, the inadequate collection and disposal of wastes, and general carelessness in sanitation in the most crowded sections of the city.

The contract with the company which collects garbage expires in August and the city authorities have already informed the shareholders who are expected to care for their own garbage after that time. This prospect has aroused a great storm of protest, for it is realized that this would mean death by the wholesale.

DROUGHT. Tonight from the Pacific Northwest announces that heavy rains have relieved the situation in that country and also assured record crops of cereals and fruits. "Lack of rain in the corn and wheat country is still severely felt."

TORRID WAVE IN OTHER CITIES.

WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE TIMES, June 27.—[Special Dispatch.] Senator Pomeroy is in receipt of a letter from an internal revenue inspector in Ohio, who commands the Senator for his efforts to tax grape brandy used in fortifying California sweet wines. He writes:

The California wine producers sold their fortified wine as a beverage for drinking purposes (as they claim) there would probably not be as much objection to the use of free spirits in fortifying it, but the facts are that a large percentage of the wines which they fortify is a tonic, some liquid, and previous to the adding of free spirits, could not be disposed of at any price, and, even after the spirits are added, cannot be used as a beverage, but is largely confined to which liquor dealers drink and receive in the large cities of Chicago, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and New York. The wine is then used by dealers in compounding imitation, spurious liquors and cordials. On account of the large amount of free spirit which is added, it is evident that the fortify is a tonic, some liquid, and previous to the adding of free spirits, could not be disposed of at any price, and, even after the spirits are added, cannot be used as a beverage, but is largely confined to which liquor dealers drink and receive in the large cities of Chicago, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, and New York.

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HEAT SUSPENDS HARVEST.

MISSOURI DROUGHT UNBROKEN.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES]

ST. LOUIS, June 27.—This city and the State in general experienced today the hottest weather of the year, the temperature reaching 98 deg. at 2:30 p.m. Twenty-two persons were overcome by heat. No relief was received from the heat. Montezuma, Illinois, reported a maximum of 98, while Mobile, farther south, on the gulf, reported 92. Scores of cities reported a maximum of 98 as before, the day among these being Cincinnati, Evansville, Cairo, Nashville, Concordia, Kan., and St. Louis, Mo.

CRAVATH IN CONFERENCE.

PAUL CRAVATH, counsel for the Union Pacific and Pennsylvania, will give the selection of the new president of the Union Pacific with its president holding in the Baltimore and Ohio 33.3 per cent of the outstanding stock of that company and in giving the Pennsylvania 10 per cent of the stock of the Southern Pacific. It is important that the position was offered to Representative Baker and declined, as it is understood Baker will be a candidate for United States Senator to succeed Senator Perkins, in 1915. That the job was offered to

the Cabinet meeting today.

It is known here that Judge Dooling stands at the top as a jurist.

Combine.

To Preside in Diggs-Caminetti Trial.



Superior Judge M. T. Dooling.

Who has been selected for appointment as Federal Judge for the Northern District of California. He is aged 53 years and was born in Nevada. He entered political life as a Democratic member of the Assembly, wrote several Democratic State platforms and served two terms as District Attorney before being elevated to the bench.

Ermine.

JUDGE DOOLING LANDS ON THE FEDERAL BENCH.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES]

WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE TIMES, June 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The selection by President Wilson today of Judge M. T. Dooling of Hollister, San Benito county, now to be United States Circuit Judge for the northern district of California, was a big surprise to California.

The selection of Dooling blazed the hopes of a large number of candidates for the vacancy caused by Judge De Haven's death. Besides Representative Baker those mentioned for the position included Judges Lawlor, Shadid, Gandy, Sawyer, Johnson, Coffey, Nichols, Denman and others.

It is reported that the position was offered to Representative Baker and declined, as it is understood Baker will be a candidate for United States Senator to succeed Senator Perkins, in 1915. That the job was offered to

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FRUIT TRUST CAPTURES MARKETS IN ALL CITIES.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES]

CINCINNATI (O.) June 27.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Complete control of the fruit markets in the United States has been finally secured by the fruit trust. Plans whereby markets will be at the complete control of combines have been perfected.

Cincinnati, the last state to be reached, was brought under domination of the trust, both in deciduous and citrus fruits.

The California fruit distributors, who control the sale of deciduous fruits such as plums and cherries, has entered the field backed up by the Florida Citrus Exchange which mar-

kets grapefruit, oranges and tangerines grown in the South. In the Northwest another concern is forming to control the output of apples in that section of the country. Operations of the trust as it has done in other large cities of the country will enable it to purchase all manner of fruits from the various concerns rather than in the open market.

Control of the market was sought through combination of the Fanning-Connelly people, the California Citrus Exchange, and the Florida Fruit Exchange. The various concerns control 65 per cent of the output of fruit.

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OLDEST "FRAT" QUILTS NEW YORK.

ALPHA DELTA PHI OBJECTS TO HEBRAIC ELEMENT.

Benjamin Ide Wheeler Protests at Expulsion of Chapter, Nowithstanding University of California Sanctioned Action and Was Deemed in Movement to Withdraw Chapter.

[BY FEDERAL WIRELESS LINE TO THE TIMES]

NEW YORK BUREAU OF THE TIMES, June 27.—[Special Dispatch.] With the announcement today that the national organization of the Alpha Del Phi Fraternity, one of the oldest and most influential "frats" in the country, had withdrawn its charter from the chapter of the College of the City of New York after fifty-nine years of existence, President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California was quoted as defending the ousted chapter, notwithstanding the former's membership in the New York City College body.

The reason given for the decree of expulsion, sanctioned by four-fifths of the twenty-four chapters of the Alpha

Del Phi in the United States and

which did such great damage in California.

RECORDS QUAKE IN THE SEA.

Tokio Seismograph Reports Shock of Three Hours' Duration Equal to That of San Francisco.

TOKIO, June 27.—The Imperial University reports that its seismograph recorded an earthquake of three hours' duration Thursday afternoon. It is calculated that the disturbance was in the sea off the Pacific Coast from Vancouver to San Francisco, and that it was almost as great as the one in 1906.

The government thermometer on the street level registered 108.

TWELVE DROP IN DETROIT.

HUNDRED AND FIVE DEGREES.

DETROIT, June 27.—A dozen persons were prostrated by heat here today. The maximum temperature reached 105 deg. at 2:30 p.m. The government thermometer on the street level was 108.

Walter Scott, a brother of the dead millionaire, testified the Scott family did not suggest there had been any undue relations between John and Anna. The attorney for the Scotts, said, was only one of suspicion as to the facts of the action.

ANSWER DADY SACKVILLE.

Contestants in London Will Face Disraeli Charges Against Benjamin Scott Millions.

THE CALL AND A. P. TO THE TIMES]

LONDON, June 27.—The suit brought by members of the family of the late Sir John Murray Scott, to force invalid the will by which he left Lady Sackville, a relative of a former British prime minister in Washington, securing \$5,000,000 and other property, was resumed today.

Walter Scott, a brother of the dead millionaire, testified the Scott family did not suggest there had been any undue relations between John and Anna. The attorney for the Scotts, said, was only one of suspicion as to the facts of the action.

SAYS IT IS PRELIMINARY TO DEEPENING OF CHANNEL.

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Tokio

In Flight.

ON TO GUAYMAS
REBELS' SLOGAN.Gen. Ojeda in an Auto Quits
the Mexican Waterloo.Defeat Is Overwhelming
Seven Days Fighting.Constitutionalists Capture
Eleven Machine Guns.IST & P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES:
DOUGLAS (Ariz.) June 27.—Claimsof Sonora State officials of a victory
over the Federalists above Guaymas, at
first questioned, were sustained today
from various independent sources.
Officials of the State Department of
Washington confirmed Gen. Ojeda's
complete rout. The Federal Governor
of Sonora in messages to Ojeda's forces
admitted that Ojeda's forces had
turned to the California gulf port
after their protracted campaign to the
north.Gen. Obrion, in command of the
State detachment telephoned tonight
that a detachment under Maj. Trujillo
had a suburb of strategic importance
six miles from the center of the town.
The official State report that the
Federalists had abandoned their artillery,
provisions, prisoners and wounded
surrendered today to have been
arrived from Hermosillo their private advisor
of the State capital and other interior points.

TO MARCH ON GUAYMAS.

Encouraged by their success in
presenting Ojeda's claims to the capital,
the State leaders plan an immediate
investment of Guaymas. The
town, however, presents a difficult
problem on account of its natural
advantages for fortification. Guaymas
is set in a range of hills, and from the bay Mexican gunboats
in the vicinity may easily hearing
the fire of the only remaining fortification.
The official State report that the
Federalists had planned to use Didier's
airplane. But the French aviator
dropped bombs on the town, and
have been of little assistance.

OREGON'S FIRST REPORT.

Oregon's telegram was as follows:
"Battle ended at 4:30 a.m. on
Thursday morning after seven hours
of fighting. Our forces captured thirty-
nine cannon and fifteen machine guns
from the Federalists. We also captured
thirty carloads of ammunition for
field and machine guns. Several hundred
Mausers were taken down by
Ojeda's men. In the first
Ojeda's automobile was captured on
the field and we picked up the bodies
of 200 Federalists. We have a large
number of wounded prisoners. Our
own losses are not yet known exactly."
Obrion added that Tagu, Jap, and
we are in pursuit of the flying
Federalists.State members were of the opinion
that an attack would be launched
as soon as upon the Federal defenses at
Guaymas.

CONFIRMED AT NOGALES.

HOW OJEDA ESCAPED.

IST & P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES:
NOGALES (Ariz.) June 27.—The
following telegram was received to
day from authoritative American
sources in Hermosillo, capital of the
state."Ojeda, the Federal commander
was overwhelmed in the
battle of Oriz and Santa Ros.
The rebels disbanded, leaving
military trains of sixty or seventy cars
and all of their artillery, including
several rapid-fire machine guns. These
were taken by the rebels, who
had captured the town of Oriz, which
had been defended by Col. Barron.
The headquarters of Ojeda, who
escaped from the battlefield in an
automobile unknown."Officials of the insurgents
held a celebration last night.
The Constitutionalists have
gun repairing the bridges below
the town, planning to proceed toward Guaymas."

DOUBT GARCIA'S REPORT.

FEDERALS ADMIT DEFEAT.

IST & P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES:
TUCSON (Ariz.) June 27.—A
wireless message sent from the United
States cruiser Pittsburgh, at Guaymas,
and relayed from San Diego
Federal Gov. Francisco Garcia, in
Sonora, informed the Mexican Com-
mander that Gen. Ojeda, undefeated,
had fallen back to Guaymas and was
prepared to give the rebel State troops
battle at that place.Mexican Federal agents, Garcia's
assurance that Ojeda was
defeated, were disposed today to
claim a severe blow in the
fighting about Oriz and Santa Ros.Ojeda had been considered the
strongest part of the artillery
in the northern portion of the
republic, and was anticipated
to sweep north to the line.The official dispatch, stating that
he was back in Guaymas deserved
no hope of victory.

MANY PREFER COUNTRY

HOME. Southern California is
the poultry ranches. Why not
live close to nature?paying poultry proportions
from day to day in the "Poultry
Ranch" columns of The Times' "Lynn
section." (Advertisement)

NOT TO DREISCHMEYER.

IST & P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES:
TUCSON (Ariz.) June 27.—Five years
ago Gen. Ojeda concurredly with
the police neophytes in their
plan to capture the United States
from the fair ones will measure
the time when has not been determined.
It is probable that the suggestion
of the applicants with the civil service, will
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from day to day in the "Poultry
Ranch" columns of The Times' "Lynn
section." (Advertisement)

NOT TO DREISCHMEYER.

IST & P. NIGHT WIRE TO THE TIMES:
TUCSON (Ariz.) June 27.—Five years
ago Gen. Ojeda concurredly with
the police neophytes in their
plan to capture the United States
from the fair ones will measure
the time when has not been determined.
It is probable that the suggestion
of the applicants with the civil service, will
be given consideration.

MANY PREFER COUNTRY

HOME. Southern California is
the poultry ranches. Why not
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MANY PREFER COUNTRY

Notice!

CAFFARELLI and all curable diseases of both sexes a specialty. 1000 Broadway, Third and Spring Streets, Between 12th and 13th Streets. All expenses paid. No charge for any state or city taxes. Hours: 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Sunday, 10 a.m. to 12.

Excellent Service
To Eastern Points
Via Salt Lake Route
Tickets at 601 S. Spring St.

THE CITY
AND ENVIRONS.WHERE TO GO AND WHAT TO SEE
TODAY AND TONIGHT.

THEATRES

Burbank—*"E. O. T."*—Continuous
Burke—*"The Battle of Pickle Flats"*—
Cleaver—*"The Devil's Picture"*—Continuous
Masonic—*"The Flying Dutchman"*—
Moorish—*"The Flying Dutchman"*—
Orpheum—*"Vanderbilt"*—
Paramount—*"Vanderbilt"*—
Regent—*"Vanderbilt"*—
Savoy—*"Vanderbilt"*—
Sports—*"Vanderbilt"*—
Tivoli—*"Vanderbilt"*—
Tivoli—*"Mary Stuart"*—
12:30 p.m. to 11:30 p.m.

SPORTS

Broadway—*"Vanderbilt"*—
Washington Park—*"The Land and Its Patterns"*—
Paramount Cinema, C. C. Building, Broadway.
BUREAU OF INFORMATION.
Times Branch Office, No. 619 South Spring street.

Advertising.

BUSINESS NOTES
AND BUSINESS PEOPLE.

BRIEFS.

The Times Branch Office, No. 619 South Spring street. Advertisements and subscriptions taken.

Dr. Ralph Williams removed from the Douglas to 1007 Los Angeles Investment building.

Dr. W. E. Pritchard, rectal and female diseases. 727-28 Grosse Blvd.

VITAL RECORD.

MARRIAGE LICENSEES.

The following marriage licenses were issued yesterday. Names and ages given.

MANNING—FRANKLIN. Franklin A. Anderson, 25; Mary E. Manning, 25; Mrs. E. M.

MANNING—WITTBROW. Robert N. Manning, 24; Mrs. G.


XXXIIND YEAR.

N. B. Blackstone Co.

Paris Blouses Copied
And Inexpensively Priced

Many new blouse models await today's visitors. Novel styles of crepe de chine, striped silk, voile, cotton crepe, and other sheer summer fabrics, copied from late French designs. Some are all white, while others show a touch of color here and there. There is a note of newness and freshness about them that will appeal to your exclusive taste. Extremely pretty styles are here at \$2.50 and from that on up to \$6.50.

50 Hand Bags at Half

If you have a Shopping Bag need take advantage of this sale and you will thank us for calling your attention to the event. The fifty bags we present are all good style, some may show the effects of handling, the savings however will more than compensate for that shortcoming.

In the lot are all wanted styles and sizes, all shapes, colors and prices. And every one is buyable at just half price.

\$15.00 For Junior Suits
Many Were \$25.00

Nothing ordinary or commonplace about these Junior Suits, they are of the highest class. But the time for them to go has arrived, therefore, cost or former selling price is of little consequence.

In the lot are all wanted styles and sizes, all shapes, colors and prices. And every one is buyable at just half price.

\$1.25 Damask \$1.10

70-inch Pure Linen Bleached Damask in a broad variety of likable designs. Specially priced for Saturday, \$1.10.

Huck Towels of all linen, hemstitched ends, damask border, especially suitable to embroider upon; size 18x36-inch. For Saturday's selling, 25c.

20c Underwear Crepe 15c

30-inch Underwear Crepe in several dainty and attractive striped effects. It requires no ironing—just shake it out. Our usual 20c grade on sale at 15c.

318-320-322 SOUTH BROADWAY.

July Victor Records

Ready Today

The July list of Records will prove to be of unusual interest. Twelve Popular Songs by talented Victor Singers, and six more magnificent Dance Records, the numbers of which are: (Songs) 17344, 17349, 17354, 17355, 17355. (Dances) 35302, 35301, 17352. It seems impossible to get enough of these Dances.

A Few Of The Choicest

"SWEETHEARTS"—Victor Herbert's new Operetta is represented by four selections: 60101—60102—70089—beautifully given by Christie McDonald, who sings the title role, and 17353, by Miss Dunlap and Mr. Miller. These purple-label Records are sure to please you.

Of unusual interest in the red seal Records is Alma Gluck's "Angel's Offering," number 38434—with Zimbalist playing the beautiful Obbligato, and Miss Schumann-Heink's "Agnes Del"—number 38416—a truly beautiful Record, which holds the listener spellbound.

Madame Butterfly, "What a Sky, What a Sea," Entrance of Butterfly, Act I.

17346 Puccini—in English—Edith Helena.

Madame Butterfly, "Beloved Idol," Butterfly's Death Scene, Act II.

Miss Helena's renditions of popular Grand Opera arias have been highly praised. This Artist has just closed her season with the Aborn House, after making her usual triumph in Thaïs, Trovatore, Madame Butterfly, Bohemian Girl, Lucia and other Operas of her large repertoire. These two arias from that most beloved of Puccini Operas are effectively given by this sterling Singer.

Beautiful Hawaiian Records

The Hawaiian Quintette of the "Bird of Paradise" Company. This style of music, so much admired in the West, is at last recorded by the Hawaiian Singers and Musicians. These Records are exceptionally beautiful—sure to charm every listener, as the accompaniments are given by the Hawaiian Instruments. We gladly welcome this additional list, and while we are prepared for a big demand, it would be well for you to call early for your favorite Selections.

Many other beautiful Records in this July list, both popular and standard. We shall be happy to play any of them for you. Take the elevator to the Third Floor.

WHERE MUSIC WELLS AND QUALITY DWELLS

Geo. J. Birkel Co.

20 YEARS IN BUSINESS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

446-448 South Broadway

MAIN AVENUE corners. We have the four finest corners on Santa Monica Bay, at the intersection of Ocean Avenue, Appian Way and Ocean Avenue. SCHADER-WELLS, Sole Agents, Fremont Avenue and Ocean Avenue, Santa Monica.

THE WORLD. latest press dispatches to THE MEANINGS, SHOWN BY THE

in \$25 Krystal Tailored Suits \$45 Men's Famous Wear

Special Sale—for a few days only

Benjaminclothes

JAMES SMITH & CO.

500-520 Broadway

with latest changes, as reported by THE

J'Accuse.
OWN DAUGHTER BRANDS LARSON."I Know He Killed Mother,"
Sobs Little Luella.Burns Identifies Suspect as
Man Met on Trail.Shown that He Went to See
Scene and Body.

"I know that my father killed my mother. I know it. And he shall not go free."

With these words Little Luella Larson, 15 years old, poured out her bitterness yesterday over the slaying of her mother, Mrs. Mary Larson, at Glendale last Sunday, and won a strong arraignment of her father, Louis Andrew Larson, who is held at the County Jail to answer to the charge of homicide. While the girl was crying in the hospital a friend she was searching her brain for something to say to the awful deed and could find nothing in her memory that pointed to a reason.

Following his cell on the second floor of the County Jail all day yesterday, Larson reflected on the killing of his wife. He was disturbed by the arrival of J. H. Burns, No. 1111 San Pedro street, and Miss Fannie McClelland, in company of deputies. Burns and Miss McClelland identified Larson as the man they saw hurrying from the scene of crime last Sunday afternoon. Their descriptions, given previously to the Sheriff, fitted the man in jail, and when they saw Larson in prison

TAKES SUIT THAT SUITS.

Woman Sees Burglar in House and Screams, But He Gets Away With His Loot.

Mrs. G. C. Watson, wife of the cashier of the California Industrial Company, entered the front door of her residence, No. 4921 Denker avenue, yesterday just as a burglar hurried out the rear. Realizing that she was unable to cope with the burglar even if she succeeded in catching him in the house, Mrs. Watson screamed and ran. The burglar accelerated his pace and took with him a diamond stick-pin, two suits of clothing, a suit case and other valuable.

The police were notified at once and a good description of the intruder was furnished by Mrs. Watson. When told of the invasion of his home by a burglar, Watson was much incensed to learn that among the things stolen was a suit of clothes which she had just bought to make a pocket worse the owner left \$15 in a pocket when he took off the suit Thursday.

TWO COUPLES IN LIMBO.

Charged With White Slavery in San Bernardino and Federal Authorities May Take Hold.

An effort probably will be made today to induce the Federal authorities to take into custody James Wallace Bennett, a young Frenchman who recently married Irene Hinman, an inmate of the Detention Home, and who is now under arrest on white slavery charges. Detective Boden, who arrested Bennett and his wife, also took into custody yesterday Bernard Melvin and Katharine Drake, booked under similar charges.

According to a story told the officers yesterday by the two girls, the young men rented an apartment for them at San Bernardino, then the man they met there, Bennett and his wife, were held in custody several days and the police only succeeded in locating Melvin and the Drake girl yesterday.

The fact that Mrs. Pendell discov-

Tragedy.
LIFE, LAST BET,
LOST TOGETHER.Widow of Slain Capitalist
Tells Strange Story.First Public Statement of
Her Views on Case.Asks "The Times" to Convey
Message to Friends.

The morning of Charles E. Pendell's last day on earth he curiously made a wager of \$1 with his wife that he would return home promptly for dinner that evening. This peculiar incident and others connected with the slaying of the capitalist in his office in the Temple Block by a robber who took his precious "twin" diamonds were told yesterday by Mrs. Pendell in an exclusive interview with The Times, her first public statement since the tragedy.

Mrs. Pendell was able yesterday to talk with a few intimate friends. She has been prostrated since Wednesday evening when she was summoned to her husband and made a terrible discovery in his darkened inner office.

The sorrowing widow blames the diamonds, for which Pendell had a passion, for his death. She said she had lived in daily dread of a tragedy during the thirty years that he persisted in wearing the glittering white stones.

The fact that Mrs. Pendell discov-

POPULATION: By the Federal Census (1910) — 281,320
By the City Director (1910) — 288,820

Back Thro' the Centuries to Old Italy.



'At the Friday Morning Club's fete yesterday.

What a Times staff artist saw among the brilliant figures which moved to and fro across the bright all-day programme centering about the close of the year's work for the great women's club.

Romance Reborn.

DANTE WALKS ANEW THRO'
THE CIRCLES OF PARADISE.

Gorgeous Italian Fete of the Friday Morning Club a Scintillant Finale to Year's Work of Women—New Officers Installed Amid Scenes of Centuries Gone in Days of Raphael and Da Vinci.

BY SYDNEY FORD.

WE WERE transported to Italy yesterday at the Friday Morning Club. Not the mordent Italy, but back, into the centuries to the days of the Medici—to the Italy of Dante and fair Beatrice, of Savonarola, and St. Francis of Assisi.

MESSAGE TO FRIENDS.

"In view of the distorted and exaggerated reports that have been published by the other newspapers concerning the events connected with the death of my husband," Mrs. Pendell said yesterday, "I wish to make a statement to my friends and to the public with the greatest frankness that my husband's business associates through The Times, which has been eminently truthful and considerate in dealing with our sad affair. The misstatements are not only extremely annoying to the members of our family, but are causing unnecessary alarm to a number of persons who had business dealings with my husband."

"After a careful investigation we have found only the two diamonds worn by my husband, his watch and less than \$100 in money were taken. He kept complete memoranda of all of his business dealings. By checking up with this we learn that not one of the papers mentioned is missing and that none of the jewels worn on his hand made loans are gone from the safety-deposit boxes."

"My son Harry, Attorney Taylor and I visited the banks where Mr. Pendell had his safety-deposit boxes and checked up the contents."

"There is, and no person who had business dealings with my husband will suffer loss. Some of the newspapers were guilty in printing reports that

(Continued on Third Page.)

The Second Day.

INQUIRY CENTERS ABOUT
VICTIM'S LAST VISITORS.

THE concerted energy of the various members of the local police department under the personal direction of the captain of detectives is utilized in the effort to trace every person who visited the office of Charles E. Pendell the day the money lender was slain. The process of elimination necessary to a task of this kind is faithfully followed by the head of the detective department, who late last night appeared to center the search for an unidentified man and woman who were seen to leave the building the afternoon of the tragedy.

(Continued on Third Page.)

Following the plan outlined by Capt. Flammer, the detectives were successful yesterday in finding several persons who visited the office of the slaying. So far, however, the persons thus discovered freely admit their visits but have been able to convince the detectives of their entire innocence as regards participation in the killing.

The investigation, however, continues, and the search for an unidentified man and woman who were seen to leave the building the afternoon of the tragedy.

(Continued on Third Page.)

The outgoing president, Mrs. David McCann, appeared in a crimson velvet gown with court train, a diamond-studded crown and girdle, in the character of the Queen of Cyprus. Mrs. Russell Watson, the incoming president, was resplendent in a richly-brocaded gown as a Venetian lady.

Mrs. A. W. Francine was gowned in a royal robe of white satin with a court train of yellow, ermine-edged pink, and an ermine Medici collar. Miss Abbie Morgan appeared in the character of Dante, and her countenance and the general contour of her face made a well-night perfect replica.

She escorted fair Beatrice, who was represented by Miss Florence Moore, a personage now of middle age, in a slim, straight-folio to her feet.

Two demure nuns, Mrs. E. W. Gale and Mrs. C. H. Hallcock, in snow-white gown and veil, flitted here and there among the court ladies, and half a dozen fierce-looking brigands interrupted proceedings from time to time.

Miss Helen Louise Kimball as Guiseppe made a tremendous hit, and her recitations in the Italian dialect scored a genuine triumph, winning recall after recall.

Mrs. Florence Walker made a capital Christopher Columbus, and Mrs. Henry Francis as St. Elmo, the King of Naples, was resplendent in ermine and velvet and sparkling with diamonds. Her escort was King Cosmo of the De Medici family, in the person of Mrs. S. McDonald, who was wearing a magnificent robe of crimson satin.

Another of the famous De Medici family was Mrs. W. W. Burton in a superb rose-colored velvet robe richly embroidered with pearls and rubies. She was Princess Theano Orsini, wife of Lorenzo de Medici.

Mrs. L. J. Seiby, as St. Cecilia, was a perfect picture of that musical saint, with her half-raised crown and lilies. Then there were the troubadours, strolling about with their mandolins and guitars, and the Italian flower girls distributing blossoms everywhere, and there were picturesque Neapolitan boys, of whom Mrs. Nathan Kuhn was one.

In the dining-room the hostesses were gowned as mandolins. Misses W. C. Noble, Luther Brown and Emory C. Brace acting in this capacity on the upper floor.

Mrs. Ada Henry Van Pelt was a charming De Medici lady, and Mrs. Lowe made a fine reproduction of Titian's "Lavinia."

GORGEOUS PICTURE.

A description of all the costumes would fill the columns of The Times, and then no picture or photograph or drawing can give any royal dress parade.

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

"The Times" Scholarship.

LONG BEACH HAS FOUR BOYS IN THE CONTEST.

This is the Day of the Reception to Contestants Present and Past—Surprise Will Be Announced—Second Contestant Enters from Santa Monica—Monrovia Comes in With Fair Representative—Monday's Start.

LONG BEACH, always noted as an enterprising city, has proven her self so in the scholarship contest.

She has four bright, energetic young people in the race, all boys.

The Long Beach quartette are: Charles Tandy, No. 882 East Seventh street, Long Beach.

Earle S. Weller, No. 1106 Locust avenue, Long Beach.

Ernest Geddes, No. 1847 Atlantic avenue, Long Beach.

Miller McClellan, No. 1407 East Fourth street, Long Beach.

Each has his friends lined up for the race and it is predicted that

even a dull day, during the entire seven days. And at the close—but wait until you are told.

For the benefit of any who have not thoroughly understood the objects and the rules of the contest we will again explain.

There are absolutely no features attached to this contest—noting which could possibly be observed as the most friendly and self-respecting young boy or girl. It is a straight business proposition from beginning to end.

THE TERMS.

The prizes and scholarships go to those who lead in securing subscriptions for The Times.

Whoever gets the most points will secure the capital prize of \$1000. The one coming next gets the \$500, and so on down the line.

Every contestant must work loyally for the Times and to The Times and when the end comes those leading in the competition will have the choice of scholarships, in the order of their standing. The best workers will be the winners.

Every boy and girl entering the race has a chance to win a scholarship.

THE PRIZE LIST.

The list of prizes is as follows:

Capital prize, \$1000 to defray expenses of a course at Berkeley or Stanford.

Second prize, \$500 in gold.

Third prize, \$250 in gold.

Fourth prize, \$75 in gold.

Fifth prize, \$50 in gold.

Sixth prize, \$25 in gold.

Scholarships already arranged for are:

San Diego Army and Navy Academy, value \$150.

Los Angeles Business College, two scholarships, one-year term, value \$150; one eight-month term, value \$100.

Elmwood School of Music and Drama, four-week term, value \$200.

Los Angeles Conservatory of Music and Art, three scholarships, one piano course, value \$150; one piano course, value \$100; one violin course, value \$100.

Los Angeles School of Art and Design, two scholarships, each valued at \$150.

Filmora School of Music, two scholarships, value of each \$100.

Huntington Hall School for Girls, Glendale, with Pasadena; Miss Florence Howell, principal.

California Commercial College, two scholarships, one-year term, value \$125; six-month term, value \$75.

Holman Business College, two scholarships, one fifteen-month term, value \$115; one twelve-months term, value \$55.

Jean de Chauvencet Conservatory of Music, one scholarship of fifty lessons, value \$150.

Southern University, one scholarship, two years term, value \$150.

Imperial Woodbury Business College,

Alynn Delilah Clancy

Of No. 1414 Neola street, Eagle Rock Park. Rockdale school, one of the bright contestants who will help to hold the girls' record high.

things will be lively in the beach city for the next seventy days. All are worthy of whatever assistance their friends may give, and all are of course ambitious to win first prize. While all can't do this, all can win some third place.

Monrovia has sent in a fair contestant, Miss Wilkins.

Earle S. Wilkins, No. 624 East 11th avenue, Monrovia, is 18 years of age and is a graduate of the Monrovia High School. He is an only child and is in the honor roll. His mother, who is second reader in the Christian Science Church of Monrovia, Miss Helen is highly recommended by the principal of her school and is also endorsed by the superintendent of schools in that district.

He has been a boy in two former contests and is sure to make a record in the present one. Everyone will remember Miss Mary Pottle of Monrovia, the beautiful girl who took so high a place in two former contests.

This is the day of the reception, when all will make acquaintance with their adversaries and have an opportunity to renew friendships made in former campaigns. There is much inspiration in hearing from those who have taken part in the work in former contests, as we hope to see many proofs of the records.

A welcome caller at scholarship headquarters yesterday was Miss Gladys Bagnall of No. 1750 Griffith avenue. Gladys was a contestant three years ago and won a scholarship in the first year.

"I cannot say enough in praise of the Fillmore School of Music," said Gladys, "or of Mr. Fillmore both as an instructor and as a gentleman." Gladys has continued her musical study and says very freely that she would certainly enter the contest this season," she said. "If I were not going to summer school." She is studying languages at the Polytechnic summer school and in the fall will enter Los Angeles High School. It is her plan to take a thorough college education. "I would like to have my younger brother enter the contest," said Gladys, "and I think he would do so if he were to fully understand the meaning of all that is gained by such a contest. I think the experience is beneficial as the prizes are gained."

THE SECRET WILL OUT. At the reception today the secret of which has been telling you—and not telling you—for several days, will be disclosed!

It is something which will interest every person in the contest—boy and girl, whatever his or her aims or ambitions.

It is the intention to make this (the *Los Angeles Times* Scholarship Contest) the banner contest of all the fourteen. There will be something new all the time to keep up interest and enthusiasm. So, although there will be a lot of work, it will not be "all work and no play." We do not mean to have a dull day, nor

two scholarships, consisting of one-year term, value \$125, and six months term, value \$55.

The San Diego Army and Navy Academy scholarship includes not only tuition, but room and board.

Other scholarships will be installed as they are required.

THE CONTESTANTS.

The names now upon the contest rolls are:

George Traggar, No. 3844 Denker avenue.

Bryon Kellar, No. 1413 West Thirty-seventh place.

Corey M. Rosbrugh, No. 3719½ South Vermont avenue.

Phyllis Hafer, No. 3415 South Vermont avenue.

MacBane Busfield, No. 2412 Broadway.

Victor Leggur, No. 2416 Bedingfield avenue.

Howard W. Perkins, No. 25 South Chester street, Pasadena.

Howard McCloskey, No. 1407 East Fourth street.

Charles Tandy, No. 882 East Seventh street, Long Beach.

Earle S. Weller, No. 1106 Locust

ENTRANCE BLANK.

I desire to enter THE TIMES EDUCATIONAL CONTEST, and ask you to send me the necessary subscription blanks and any other information that may assist me in my efforts to secure one of your valuable scholarships. My age is years.

Name Address

References: Address

..... Address

Daughter Brands Larson

(Continued from First Page.)

see her father again, as he has taken her mother out of her life.

Mr. and Mrs. Fountain will probably act as guardians of the two children. Miss Fountain and her husband, Mrs. Larson for six years, have lived in the same house in San Francisco.

When Mrs. Fountain and the girl were asked to explain why they hadn't sought to identify the dead woman as Mrs. Larson, Mrs. Fountain said she had no suspicion that anything was wrong between Larson and his wife. Lelia asserted that when her father told her her mother had gone to San Francisco, she believed him and did not pay any attention to the mystery related in the papers.

HAS WATCH AND RING.

Besides the identification that Burns and Miss McRae made yesterday, the Sheriff's force found the gold watch owned by Mrs. Larson and a gold ring which she had worn. They were found in Larson's locker at the East First-street barber shop where he worked for several days.

Another development of the day was the identification of Mrs. Larson's body by Mrs. Angela A. Steele, No. 2116 East First street. Mrs. Steele was on her way to the Casa Verdugo restaurant, near Glendale, Sunday afternoon when she passed within a few feet of the morgue, where the woman heard them quarreling. The woman caught the man's arm and said:

"You've got to; you've got to."

Mrs. Steele said she took particular notice of the woman, but the man's back was turned and she could not see his face. She asked him what they were quarreling about and said that if the man carried a bundle she didn't see it. Last evening she went to the Button morgue and identified the remains as those of the woman she had seen at Casa Verdugo. This morning she will go to the jail in an effort to identify the man. She is considered a valuable witness, as she may be able to establish Larson's presence in Glendale.

The suspect who was arrested at San Diego at the instigation of the Sheriff has been released, and Special Detective John E. Smith was from the southern city last night.

The inquest will be conducted at the Button morgue this morning at 10:30 o'clock, when there will be a number of witnesses. Larson will be charged with murder following the inquest.

LARSON IN GLENDALE.

The Sheriff was yesterday given the receipt found near the scene of the killing Wednesday afternoon. It was to Mr. Larson, who was at the time of the killing a saloon keeper. The Sheriff does not pretend to say that this receipt was on the ground Sunday. On the contrary, the officers who searched every foot stomp emphatically that the bit of paper could not have escaped detection.

The Times reporter yesterday established three facts which tend to show that Larson was in Glendale on Tuesday night, fifty hours after the slaying.

On Tuesday evening shortly before 6 o'clock, Larson left the barber shop and hurried to his home on Elm Street. He did not stop, but hurriedly changed his clothes and left. Lelia Larson was not home at that hour, but her father's departure was noted by the boy.

LARSON'S BODY IS IN THE CEMETERY.

Howard Andrews today bought a cottage at No. 131 Euclid street from John E. Steele, who is the owner of the property and has not communicated with him.

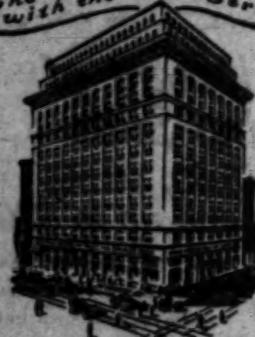
Andrews, a saloon keeper, has been occupying the house for a long time. Both deals were made by George S. Biggin.

H. C. Hope today bought a cottage at No. 49 Euclid street from K. C. Steele for a reported consideration of \$2000. The deal was made by Miss A. R. Whaley.

DRUGSTORE BOY IS THE VICTIM.

\$54,202,087⁰⁰

The Bank with the Efficient Service



Loaned -in the Last 23 Years

This vast Sum — \$54,202,087.00 — represents the Total Money loaned by this Bank, to date, on over 16,500 Mortgages.

No Property Taken Under Foreclosure

LOANS made on local and nearby Real Estate by this Bank, since its inception in 1890, exceed \$54,000,000.00. That sound and unerring judgment has been exercised in loaning this prodigious Sum is strikingly evidenced by the fact that the Bank Owns No. Property taken under foreclosure.

A record so remarkable as this furnishes an eloquent tribute to this Bank's shrewd and able Management. It is a Vital Fact for your consideration when you choose an Institution as "Your Bank".

In its magnificent New Home at Spring and Seventh Streets, this Bank offers a complete and satisfactory Banking Service—Savings, Trust and Commercial Departments—Impregnable Safe Deposit Vaults—Steamship Transportation furnished for around-the-world tours.

German American Trust and Savings Bank

SPRING & SEVENTH STS. LOS ANGELES



THIS building will have greater elevator facilities proportionate to the number of its tenants than any other building in Los Angeles.

Four large electric power passenger elevators with a speed capacity of 400 feet a minute, will run on regular half-minute schedules.

Every known safety device has been provided and these elevators are of the most modern type.

The building is the highest example of architectural beauty combined with maximum utility yet achieved in this city.

It cost more, size considered, than any other business building on the Coast. Its location in the heart of the business district and opposite beautiful Central Park, with its permanent open space of flowers and trees, is ideal.

The most desirable offices in Los Angeles at remarkably reasonable rates, are offered to you in this aristocrat of office buildings.

Ready for occupancy July 1st. Make arrangements today to see this building. A few excellent quarters left—single or en suite—on lease terms mutually agreeable.

W. I. HOLLINGSWORTH & CO.
609 South Hill Street.

Main 6760

1877

The W. I. Hollingsworth Building

Los Angeles' Finest
Office Structure



Arizona. BITE OFF NOSE TO SPITE FACE.

Arizona Commission Turns
Down Esche Bond Issue.

Mystic Shrine Auditorium
to Be Started Shortly.

Referendum to Be Asked on
Three-Cent-Fare Bill.

Special Correspondence of The Times

PHOENIX (Ariz.) June 25.—Possibly affairs of very large moment have been born by the action of the Arizona Corporation Commission, which has just refused the application of the Southern Pacific Company for authority to issue notes aggregating \$20,000,000 following a hearing June 12.

The application recited that \$8,775,000 was intended for expenditure upon new lines and extensions, electric lines, construction of ferry boats, additions, tracks and yard facilities, station and shop structures, bridges, etc. The second item was for \$7,500,000 for reimbursement of the treasury of the Southern Pacific Company for cash expended. The third item is a little item of \$2,460,000 for the payment of equipment there following \$1,753,000 for additions and facilities for Atlantic steamship lines and \$1,597,000 allowances for contingencies yet undetermined. The Commission in its report states the opinion that the application does not sufficiently clear or definite and wants to know more particularly where the funds proposed to be raised shall be expended. After formal order of denial it is stated: "That any act of denial or of sole or without authority and consent of the commissioners first having been obtained shall be null and void as to any lines of railroad, leased, managed, operated, owned or controlled by said petitioners, the State of Arizona, and shall in no instance constitute a lien or pledge against said lines or railroad, their assets or properties."

GAS COMPANY AFFECTED.

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company of Miami is another organization that has felt the weight of adverse action by the Corporation Commission, which has just decided that Miami residents will not have material reduction, dating back to September 1, 1912, rebates being ordered to patrons for excess collections made since that time. For lighting the new rates give a minimum of \$1 a month.

CASE COMPANY CASE.

In a case against the Bisbee-Naco Water Company the commission ordered a reduction of the minimum monthly charge from \$3 to \$1. The company, according to the commission, was materially reducing rates with respect to the large mining companies of the district. They had been served at 28 cents per 1000 gallons. The commission established a new rate of \$1 per 1000 gallons, reducing a greater number of the corporations and less upon the households.

N. P. Olson, contractor upon the four-story Noll building on North First avenue, was permanently and possibly fatally injured yesterday, in a fall from a height of 150 feet. Noll, owner of the building, and L. M. Fitzhugh, the architect. The building is of concrete, which has been handled by the pouring system, operated from a central tower. The three men were standing below the tower when a heavy trough above them broke from its fastenings and fell. Olson was crushed beneath it, sustaining a fracture of the spine, insuring a least permanent paraplegia. His son, Marcus A. Dunbar, late city editor of the Democrat, has purchased the Free Press, a Meiss daily paper.

PLANS NEW WEEKLY.

John O. Dunbar, who lately resigned the editorship of the Evening Democrat, announces that within a couple of months he will start a publication to be known as Dunbar's Weekly, to be a State-wide paper for his activities. His son, Marcus A. Dunbar, late city editor of the Democrat, has purchased the Free Press, a Meiss daily paper.

WATER SHORTAGE.

PORTERVILLE, June 27.—Shortage of water in the Upper Tulie River district, although the irrigation season has been under way but a few weeks, is indicated in a damage suit which has been brought by J. D. Becker, A. W. Wehner, Charles Palmer, M. W. Bixler and others against F. H. Entriken. The plaintiffs, who are the owners of the old Graham & Osborne ditch, claim that on several occasions of late Entriken has opened their ditches and appropriated to his own use water which he had no right to do. The water company say that a criminal action will be filed against Entriken after the civil suit has been settled.

BARBER HITS BACK.

LINDSBY, June 27.—Emmet J. Kelley, a barber employed in a Honolulu street shop, has brought suit against his employer, a well-known employer, for damages in the sum of \$1,000. Kelley alleges in his complaint that Willis, with whom he boarded, had him arrested on a charge of beating a board boy of \$25. Kelley was arrested in Lindsbay and when he came back to the city he found the charge it was found to be without foundation. Kelley alleges that his detention in Fresno was the cause of great humiliation, to say nothing of loss of time and he values his time and his incarcerated feelings at \$1000.

STORY OF AN AUTO.

VIRALIA, June 27.—To have an alleged friend invite you into a bank to transact business and then to have an accomplice of said friend run away with your automobile, is no nice way to do, according to E. B. Hall and Walter Bowman, two men of Corcoran, who have sworn to complain to the arrest of Leo Welsh, a machinist, whom they charge with the theft of the machine. Bowman and Hall allege that they were asked into the bank by Corcoran to transact some business, but when they left their machine at the curb Welsh jumped into it and drove off. Civil suit has also been entered against Welsh in which plaintiff ask \$500 damages for loss of the machine; \$500 general damage and \$20 per day for the rent of the car.

A Helpful Partner

who will aid in expanding your business can be obtained through the medium of the "Partners Wanted" columns of The Times "Liner" Section.

with 8 1/2 cents to be charged for consumption up to 100 kilowatts and with a rate of 14-16 on consumption in excess of 1000. On power everything in excess of 1000 watts shall be charged at 2 1/2-10 cents. This rate of 1 1/2 cents very close to the rate of 1 1/2 cents paid by the company to the Reclamation Service for its electrical supply. In the decision of the Corporation Commission the valuation of the electric plant is estimated at only \$275,000, with a valuation of the property of \$515,902. The commission states the opinion that superintendence costs and overhead charges are excessive. A net return of 10 per cent on an investment will be permitted. Inasmuch as the net plus of the company is earning only 1 per cent upon its value the present gas rates will not be disturbed. The corporation is practically owned by W. P. Bonebright & Company of New York, which bought the interest of the Ballard Brothers of Los Angeles after the death of Arthur Ballard about a year ago.

FOR SHRINE AUDITORIUM.

Preparations are being made to start construction of the long-projected auditorium of the El Zaribah Temple of the Mystic Shrine, the only Temple within Arizona, with membership of 500. The Temple owns a beautiful lot in North Green street, located in an area of 15,000 feet in value at \$20,000. Upon this will be placed a building to cost \$100,000, with an auditorium capable of accommodating 4000 persons and comprising a modern theater and a banquet room wherein will be accommodated especially the Masonic fraternity.

The Southern Pacific Company and Arizona Eastern Railroad Company have agreed to take to the people by referendum a protest against the enforcement of the 3-cent fare bill passed by the last Legislature of Arizona. It is said that the Santa Fe and other Arizona lines will do the same.

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BUSINESS
THE WAY TODAY.GOOD ROADS,
THE KEYNOTE.Bernardino Chamber of
Commerce Urges Action.Way to Los Angeles
Should Be Completed.of Gold Coin Uncovered
by a Workman.

BERNARDINO, June 27.—

"Good roads" was the keynote of the

meeting of the Associated

Chamber of Commerce of San

Bernardino, yesterday, at the

county hall at the Cass Loma

last evening. A resolution was

passed asking the State Highway

Commission to hasten the work of

the paving of the State highway

from the Foothill Boulevard from

the Angeles county line to San Ber-

nardino, and urging the State to

make the paving of the highway

a great extent insure the vot-

ing of a large bond issue for the

construction of at least 200 miles of ad-

ditional roads in the county.

The estate of John G. McKinney,

late general manager of the Los An-

geles Ice and Cold Storage Company,

filed for probate yesterday, provides

that one-fifth of his estate, valued at

approximately \$150,000, is to be dis-

tributed according to directions pri-

vately contained in letters left by

the testator. William McKinney,

a brother, of De Witt, Iowa;

Harry S. Fondersmith and Sidney J.

Parsons, friends, who are named

as trustees.

The estate consists of twenty-five

pieces of real estate, stocks, bonds,

promissory notes and personal effects.

The securities are not listed, and the

executors state that the value of the

estate is unknown, but is at least the

amount named.

John G. McKinney, who died May 8, 1911, creates

a trust, and directions are given the

trustees to turn his property into

cash for distribution. The widow,

Miriam McKinney, will receive \$5-

100; Harriet J. Harlan, a half-sister,

4-100; and 5-100 will go to each of

the two brothers, and the remainder

of the estate will be divided among

the executors.

The pictures, bric-a-brac, silver-

ware and personal effects in the

rooms of the Los Angeles Ice and

Cold Storage Company are bequeathed

to his friends, Fondersmith and Parsons,

who will also receive \$500 each.

ESCONDIDO VOTES TODAY.

Mass Meeting of Voters Closes Cam-

paign—Los Angeles Engineer Gives

Advice to Citizens.

ESCONDIDO, June 27.—F. E.

Trask of Los Angeles, civil and hy-

draulic engineer, was the principal

speaker at the mass meeting Thurs-

day evening in the Roberts Auditorium,

held under the auspices of the

Citizens' Committee in the interests

of the election tomorrow for voting

members of the election commission.

The election will be held at the

Franklin Canyon tunnel.

* Many Cheap Houses

located in desirable residence

districts are daily advertised in

the "For Sale, Houses" col-

umn of the Times "Liner" section.—[Advertisement.]

SPARKLING Artificial Spring Water will add

to your health! Phone Main 5555.

SPURKS Dry Gin will agree with you. It is pure

and wholesome and an excellent stomachic.

COLORADO RAMPAGE.

High water in the Colorado

is added to causing consider-

able trouble for the people in es-

tablished communities.

Other communities included W. H.

Baldridge, a former Mayor of the city

and for fifteen years member of the

Board of City Trustees; W. N. Brad-

bury, the present Mayor; M. L. How-

ell, who has been operating a pump-

plant for many years, who also

gives it as his opinion that the sup-

ply is ample; T. T. Franklin, who

installed the city's eight test wells,

which show a development of 146

inches; City Engineer N. K. Carpen-

ter, who furnishes the preliminary

plans for the proposed new system;

Rev. L. A. Hunsong, pastor of the

Christian Church, and Dr. Edgar B.

Buell. Although opportunity was

given no remarks were made by any

of the speakers.

Mr. Frankel, a member of the City

Trustees, several of whom were pres-

ent. Dr. Edgar B. Buell and J. H.

Heath, president and secretary, re-

spectively of the Chamber of Com-

merce, filled the positions of chairman

and clerk of the mass meeting.

Some of Them.

MATERNAL BROTHERHOOD

OFFICERS ARE REPLACED.

Half past 12 this morning

the Supreme Lodge of the Frat-

ernal Brotherhood completed the

next regular meeting of that body

in 1917, will be held either in Dallas,

Denver or Portland, those three cities

having been aspirants for the honor.

The election was left in the hands

of the Executive Committee, and it is

tacitly understood that Dallas will be

chosen. The proposition to increase

the board of directors from nine mem-

bers to thirteen failed to carry, and

the by-law covering that point was

left unchanged.

As our report of this quadrennial

session, the society will add two new

forms of policy to those now in use.

One of these, which was received with

much favor by the delegates, was pre-

sented by A. Morgan Duke, from Tex-

as, a well-informed insurance ex-

pert.

It is based on the "grade rate" of

the National Fraternal Congress.

The other is an interdependent poli-

cy issued to two persons, a man and wife,

or other interdependent people, the

survivor of the two being the bene-

ficiary.

Today the delegates and supre-

macy will go to San Diego, where a bar-

becue will be given in their honor

and other forms of entertainment will

be provided, including a boat ride

around the bay. The Uniform Rank

of the Fraternal Brotherhood of the

United States will be present.

The members of the association

will be entertained at the Hotel

Capitol.

The Southern California Maternal

Association will be entertained at the

banquet in the Hotel Cafe

the evening after the election of offi-

cials.

The meeting will be an outing here

Monday, but the only business done

will be held Saturday.

There are present about 1000

members of the association.

Venes in attendance themselves

and their ladies auxiliary before their

lady's auxiliary before their

reunion.

REDUCED RATES HERE.

Ask the agent Denver and

Grand Canyon Line of Western

and Colorado South Spring Street—Lafay-

ette.

The new by-law.

and the new by-law.

and

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CONUNDRUM.
Can a boy who is not over bright and is encouraged for failure to master his lesson be rightly named a whipped silly sib?

THE WATER WAGON.
Many are called, but few remain chosen. We like to see the man who gets on the water wagon and stays there. We want him to refuse to get off to give an old lady a seat, to pick up his whip or to grease the wheels.

A WOMAN'S PRAYER.
The devil paves his streets with good intentions, curbs them with broken promises and gutter them with excuses. Let Mr. Tomorrow go to Hades and send me a man who goes things today and I will pay the freight. Amen!

A LIVE WIRE.
There are times when we cannot help reflecting what a truly great suffragette the militant Queen of England would have made. First she runs her husband. Then she gets on the wife and manages the Prince of Wales at Oxford, compelling him to resign from his club. She now issues an order condemning riding astride for women and making side saddles popular once more. Long live the Queen! If God should not save her, or if the hand should forget to play it, Her Majesty would graciously save herself.

HUNGER STRIKES.
Mrs. Pankhurst, after an interval of thirty days, during which she has resided at a private house, recovering from the effects of her hunger strike, has been recommitted to jail and shows her intent to inaugurate another hunger strike.

Is not the British government taking the wrong course with the hunger strikers? Why not keep an abundant supply of wholesome food and drink in an accessible place in the prison where the lady can have free access to it and leave her free to starve herself if so inclined?

CONVINCED.
A day or two ago the man or woman who went down the streets with an umbrella in hand would have been laughed out of town. Everybody knows that California clouds mean nothing in June. All of us know better now. Rain, like gold, is where you find it. Most of us got ours. It is all right at that. It means more corn and cooler weather, although heaven knows that no one can complain against the heat of July. We cannot account for it all, unless Providence likes California so well and is so pleased with the job that He is trying to improve it in spite of its present perfection.

THE WOMAN JUROR.
San Francisco draw one. Such were not the court's intentions. The court was very clear on this point. The lady had registered without any Miss or Mrs., so her name came out in the venture. Leaving her paints and her china, she came reluctantly into court. "Are you Dee Worthington?" the astonished Judge demanded; and, like the little boy who made the world, the lady responded. "Yes, your honor, but I will never do it again." Then she explained that it was not that she loved her country, but that she loved painting and knitting more; and the court, with all the gallantry of a superior bunch and being promptly excused her. Far be it from me to put ourselves in contempt by disagreeing with a superior judge.

SILENT SENATORS.
There are six brand new spellbinders in the Senate. Thomas of Colorado, Lewis of Illinois, Cole of Rhode Island, Walsh of Montana, Weeks of Massachusetts, and Vardaman of Mississippi, all of them brilliant speakers, and Vardaman is said to be exceedingly eloquent. No one of them has yet opened his mouth except to vote. They are tongue-tied by what is known as "the courtesy of the Senate," the unwritten rule that requires a new Senator to keep his mouth shut for one or two sessions. He may fight for the interests of his State in the committee-room, but if he gets on his feet in the Senate and waves his right arm and says "Mr. President," the Vice-President stops him; or if he cannot avoid seeing him and recognizes him as entitled to the floor the other Senators either turn upon him the glares of cold and pitiless eyes or sidle in a strictly dignified manner for the cloakroom where they comment on his impudence.

A BIT FAT.
Some like them fat. Some like them lean. For our own part we like them as nature made them and think that they should like themselves that way. They do not all agree with us. Sometimes they take things for it. The lean ones take cod liver oil. In the lean the fat ones go to a beauty doctor and pay a hundred dollars for a receipt for eating raw cabbage effectively. Two of them did this, and when the cabbage wasn't effective, they sued the beauty doctor. The judge threw them out of court. Throwing fat ladies out of court is not easy, but the judge was not a literalist. Any man who is wise enough to be a judge is much too wise for anything of this sort. What he really did was to throw their case out of court. We command the just Judge it says in the Bible, "Let him who is crooked remain crooked still." We say, Let her who is this remain thin still. Yes, verily, let her who is fat remain fat still. By the way, she will, anyhow, and we are only tantalized in the inevitable.

AGAINST A MERGER.
El-Senator Beveridge has a very long and a very adroit article in the Saturday Evening Post entitled "The Progressive-Republican Merger," in which he antagonizes any union on any terms of four million Progressives who voted for Roosevelt with three million Republicans who voted for Taft, and insists upon the absolute, immediate and unconditional extinction of the Republican party as an organization.

He claims that one million Democrats voted for Roosevelt, and that these could not be expected to remain in a party composed in any considerable degree of Republicans. He claims, also, that one million Republicans voted for Wilson, and that these could not be expected to join a Republican-Progressive merger.

These figures of the Senator are conjectural, and there is no way of either verifying their accuracy or disputing it. But, if true, then with the one million Democrats who voted for Roosevelt returned to their allegiance, and the one million Republicans who voted for Wilson, in order to express their antagonism to Roosevelt, returned to their allegiance, the result would be as now, six million Democrats to seven million Republicans and Progressives, the only difference being that instead of four million Progressives to three million Republicans, it would be three million Progressives to four million Republicans.

Senator Beveridge places his opposition to a merger on the ground that the difference between Republicans and Progressives is not ephemeral and trifling, but a radical, substantial, lasting difference of principle which must prevent their being merged in one organization. He compares it to the difference between the Whigs and Republicans in 1856, which made impossible a coalition in that year.

There is no parallel in the two cases. The Whig party died after the Kansas-Nebraska controversy, because northern Whigs were opposed to the extension of slavery equally with Republicans, and southern Whigs were in favor of either slavery extension or popular sovereignty. More Whigs joined the southern Democracy than voted for Buchanan than there were Free-soil Democrats who voted for Fremont.

The great burning, living issue in those days was the extension or exclusion of slavery in the Territories, and to this issue all others were subordinated.

There is no such issue between Republicans and Progressives. Roosevelt struggeled to the last for a nomination in the Republican National Convention. He would have been glad to run for President upon the platform it adopted.

And when the bolting Progressive met and adopted a platform it did not antagonize the Chicago platform, but flirted with it. The truth is that the difference between Republicans and Progressives is a difference between men and not a difference of principle. The peculiar measures of Progressivism—the initiative, the referendum, the recall, the direct primary and woman suffrage—are not national issues. They are State issues which have been adopted in some States and rejected by others, and Republicans, Democrats and Progressives voted both for and against them.

The only really national issue before the American people or that has been before them since free silver was disposed of is the tariff question. On that issue Democrats are against protection, while both Republicans and Progressives favor it. It is the most important question of the day. For those who favor protection to divide and allow those who favor free trade to prevail is a crime. It is worse than a crime; it is a blunder.

WIDE OPEN MARRIAGE.
The divorced wife of Upton Sinclair has been refused a license to marry her affiancé although he is a poet and loves her harder than bricks. Upton is off on his honeymoon with No. 2 and his mother says that instead he should now be in jail waiting for a jury to free him on the grounds of the unwritten law for the murderer of a poet.

All of which shows how very hard it is to please a woman and one's self at the same time and how difficult it is to be a public hero and still keep the laws made by the public.

We are sorry for the first Mrs. Sinclair in this instance, although she is probably a little fool. It is not exactly wholesome for Americans to have so many kinds of marriages. It is hardly fair to be respectable in Nevada and an outcast in New York; and heaven knows that Nevada must be cleaner and saner than New York in a thousand other particulars and that most of the divorce rotteness which gave Reno its reputation was exported from New York to Reno without the latter's solicitation. Even in California our divorces are only halfway for a year and if a man or woman goes somewhere else to marry they may not return here short of a year without being bigamists, and they must remarry the new love at the end of that year. A law that gives people time to think it over may be excellent. We are not sure that a law that prevents the person at fault from remarrying for many years is bad. But for the sake of common decency, the marriage and divorce laws of all States and of all nations ought to agree. Civilization should easily agree on such a fundamental.

FORGING A WILD.
People who forge wills should be very careful in selecting paper for that purpose. F. Bruce Garrett of Shelby county, Tennessee, is likely to suffer the consequences of his carelessness in this respect by losing \$350,000 of dishonestly-earned money and by sojourning for some years in the State penitentiary.

Mr. Caroline Cloth of Shelby county, Tennessee, had an income of \$200,000 per annum from the estate of her deceased husband. She was frugal-minded and saved this until her savings amounted to \$1,000,000. This amount she invested in bonds which she hit in the clothes presses of her home. She was found dead in her room in 1898. She had no next of kin and no will was found. Under the law of Tennessee her estate would have escheated to the school fund of that State. But some alleged cousins in Bavaria were found and a contest was inaugurated and dragged it slow length along.

Bruce Garrett, as a loyal though impetuous Tennesseean, felt that the property of Mrs. Cloth ought not to go out of the State of Tennessee to enrich Bavarians. He found a will in an old trunk in an attic on his father's farm. In this will the property of Mrs. Cloth was judiciously distributed among several legatees, and Mr. Garrett was remembered to the extent of \$250,000. He remembered that when he was a child he was a great favorite with Mrs. Cloth, who had repeatedly said that she intended to leave him money, and he filed the will for probate.

What action President Wilson will take with respect to the Philippines remains to be seen. He has already in a public speech expressed a strong desire to "lose" the islands. But he has not—yet—given favorable consideration to a proposition to sell them to the government of the Mikado. It shall be determined to sell the islands in despite of the Constitution, why make a favored purchaser of Japan? Why not throw the sale open to the competition of nations? Why not have an auction and let the will for probate.

The will offered was a type-written document on typewriter paper, and purposed to be signed by Mrs. Cloth and two witnesses.

Gold Bricked.



CONTRIBUTORY CAUSES.

BY LILLIAN COLLINS.

I am wondering just how much good is being accomplished by our vice investigations.

It is certain that the peace of mind of a number of innocent women and the happiness of otherwise tranquil homes have been utterly destroyed through charges whose truth or falsity has yet to be determined; but what of lasting benefit to society has been gained by this individual sacrifice? Already public sentiment is dying out; newer, and therefore more absorbing, pursuits engross public attention. What of permanent advantage has resulted from the noble some publicity?

It is my observation that these spasmodic attacks of reform, wanting definiteness of purpose, seldom achieve the desired end. It takes a long, strong, steady pull to draw the cart wheels from the mud. In this matter of social reform the steady pull that lifts humanity to a higher level of thought and being is education. Not the quality of education which repeats, parrot-wise, whole pages of text-book information; but the variety of education that actually develops the faculties into a perception of the real purposes of life, and so results in a sturdy growth of character.

All social reform must begin where it is commonly supposed to end—with the individual. Good or evil is not, primarily, a matter of sex. The relationship existing between men and women is not a sex responsibility. It is purely an individual responsibility as is every other responsibility of life. The tangled mesh of sex relationship becomes more involved, or less, in exact ratio to the purity of conduct which individual men and women observe in their personal relations to each other.

Laws to punish transgressors of the moral code is not what the race most needs. Girls who are too young legally to consent to their own degradation should be sedulously guarded from every opportunity for errors of this particular nature. They should be carefully protected while they are growing the hardy stalk of character upon which shall be grafted the perfect flower of virtue.

You can't expect a fault to stamp a true impression. Surround your daughters with every safeguard before they fail; it's too late afterward. Give them the steady belief of well-grounded principles. Teach them the modesty of demeanor which is the outward expression of inner purity of soul. Train them into a knowledge of those fundamental laws of being that shall develop a strength of character which is their only reliable bodyguard.

A girl who can calmly parade Broadway in a split skirt, each step revealing a gauze encased "ankle" that not infrequently includes the knee, will find the greatest contributory cause to a possible delinquency within her own character. It's the most logical place to look for contributory causes, always. In the majority of cases you'll find there, too. If it isn't there—then you will have located the exception which proves the rule, and will have established just grounds for statutory proceedings.

When a girl dispels in seraglio garb upon a public thoroughfare in broad day light, brazenly exposing her anatomy to the appraising glances of all types of men, can such young women consistently lay claim to outside contributory causes if being an undiscerning, but wholly logical, fault should ultimately overtake her?

If a girl falls a prey to vice through vanity, love of fine clothes, a desire for the excitement of late suppers, joy rides and kindred allurements of a rapid experience, it is not plain that she has consented to her own shame through innate defects of her own character which estimated these transitory pleasures as desirable equivalents for her virtue?

An interpretation of law that convicts a man of statutory offense upon the uncorroborated testimony of a girl, herself a party to the act, but not held to accountability, is manifestly unjust although intended, primarily, to protect the weak. It places absolute power over the destiny of a human being—albeit a man—in the hands of a person whose own behavior does not fit into the high level of moral rectitude. It also affords an excellent opportunity for those who ply the blackmailer's trade.

It is contrary to human nature to expect impartial evidence from one who is testifying in matters of a most intimate personal character, where the witness may be swayed by pique, jealousy and wounded vanity or smartrage from any of the strings which wrong-doing infidels readily upon the transgressor of an established code.

The vast majority of illicit associations are found to have been maintained for considerable periods of time. Presently, as is the history of every such intimacy, passion cools. But the girl does not willingly detach herself from an association which she finds pleasant or profitable, and the man is held before the bar of justice to give account for his perversion of innocence in the person of a girl who has willingly accepted his caresses and yielded to him privileges for which he has paid in legal tender of the trade—but the girl poses as an example of outraged virtue. As a matter of fact they are both guilty; one just as guilty as the other. The girl is not a saint; the man is not a demon incarnate. They are both simply human beings, each following the line of least resistance.

Man is not always the seducer, woman the seduced. The history of recorded events, both sacred and secular, does not support this assumption. From the foundations of the world there have been Magdalens, Delilahs and Cleopatras practicing their arts and playing upon the susceptible natures of men. That mothers of daughters may resent this statement, making personal in application that which is intended to be impersonal as natural law itself, I am prepared to expect; but mothers of sons will know somewhat more of the temptations to which their boys go forth each day; and upon this equalization of judgment I rest the question.

Some Examples of Carelessness.
Dropping an acquaintance.
Breaking a joke.
Breaking the current of one's thoughts.
Tripping over people's toes.
Tripping upstairs.
Tearing along.
Letting fall a hint.
Allowing a secret to escape.
Letting a suggestion slip out.
Losing a chance.
Failing to catch a sentence.
Failing over ourselves.
Stumbling over an apology.
Running against a stone wall.
Kicking up a dust.
Stopping over.
Making a blot on the record.
Forgetting old friends.
Getting caught in the tide of adversity.

—[Robert Lewis.]

Pen Points: By the Staff.

But at that, West Virginia hasn't on Mexico.

Now, children, quick, can anybody give us the names of the seven little Government.

The estate of the late J. Pierpont Morgan has been appraised at \$100,000,000. He heirs should worry.

In regard to the stiffing heat in the worst is yet to come. Come to Los Angeles and enjoy life.

Man is the superior creature all right, but show us one who has the nerve to buy a suit of lingerie for his wife.

It is now claimed that President Wilson is afraid of the lobby that he holds under the bed every night before retiring.

John D. Rockefeller says we are much money out to the doctors, to buy him a vacation, to buy him a house, to buy him a boat, to buy him a horse, to buy him a bus.

The supply of cattle might be found in this country if real were about, but over seems to have thought of that.

Visitors to Washington are now doing their Congressmen to pay the hand as to avoid the stigma of being a hobo.

The Democrats are finding that it is easier to criticize a tariff bill than to pass one. Party success brings political stability.

It is claimed that President Wilson is no spokesman in either branch of government. Perhaps no one can think of that to say.

It costs the government \$55 a day to keep the President cool. We revise the quantity of the speech downward.

Secretary Bryan now takes his husband to the department in a basket, to der if the bread in his sandwich is hot on both sides?

Japan may approve of the Bryan proposal, but there is no hurry, opinion of the Emperor. The Japanese good later on.

It is well to build dreadnaughts in a split skirt, each step revealing a gauze encased "ankle" that not infrequently includes the knee, will find the greatest contributory cause to a possible delinquency within her own character. It's the most logical place to look for contributory causes, always. In the majority of cases you'll find there, too. If it isn't there—then you will have located the exception which proves the rule.

Something to worry about: Deutsche Ausschuss Fuss. Das ist schen Und Naturwissenschaften nicht has been organized in Berlin.

Why utilize the functions of the Department of Agriculture to make poor man's dish. It would be better taste. Why not try the expensive roast beef?

The dancing masters have been this winter in the fashionable salons. Dancers must remain six feet apart. And who, my lords and gentlemen, if the measuring?

Those English poloists are a good losers. They simply admit they played of their feet, and let it go. The Americans had the English get started.

The nomination of Mendes as Minister to Portugal has been withdrawn. It was charged that he is a good Democrat. Whether he is not yet determined.

What shall be done with the officer whose inflammatory utterances cause a panic in the business world? He is immune, like the labor strike rider to the Sundry Civil Service Bill?

Why not open the churches on Sunday? Religious services only a small part of church work my lambs" means a lot more to preach an occasional sermon key.

Suppose that President Wilson's opinion that his tariff bill is bad is that is no reason that everybody of the same opinion. The Wilson Cleveland administration advocates.

President and Mrs. Wilson brated the twenty-eighth anniversary of their marriage. The former has considerable history since he and the handsome Georgia girl as his wife and plenty of it to both!

The arrest of the daughter of the Orton on the charge that she committed murder recalls the case that rocked two continents when Orton, the East End don, laid claim to being Sir John, the horse, supposed to have been lost to Osprey, while at sea. Don't you?

When George B. Cortelyou

Points: By the Staff

that West Virginia hasn't seen

children, quick, can anybody give

names of the seven little Government

agents of the late J. Pierpont Morgan

were appraised at \$100,000,000. He

had no worry.

d to the stifling heat in the East

is yet to come. Come in summer

and enjoy life.

the poor creature all right,

us one who has the nerve to buy

lingerie for his wife.

now claimed that President Wilson

had in the lobby that he looks

every night before retiring.

D. Rockefeller says we pay too

much out to the doctors. We ought

to, we suppose, to pay gasoline.

Supply of cattle might be increased

country if real were abolished. No

one seems to have thought of that.

to Washington are now allowing

agreement to pay the lunch bill to

rid the stigma of being a lobby.

Democrats are finding that it is not

a party success brings political repre-

sented that President Wilson has

in either branch of the Government.

Perhaps no one can think of any

way to keep the President cool. Why not

the quantity of the executive he

wants?

Larry Bryan now takes his lunch in

the department in a basket. We

the bread in his sandwich is butter

sides?

a may approve of the Bryan pos-

sition, but there is no hurry, it is

of the Emperor. The joining will

be later on.

well to build droughnights in the

found peace. When occasions are

air use they cannot be purchased in

partment store.

nothing to worry about: The

Auschnitt Fuer Den Mathematiker

Und Naturwissenschaftlichen Unterricht

has been organized in Berlin.

utilizes the functions of the Dept.

of Agriculture to make terrible

man's dish. It would be beyond

Why not try the experience of

best?

dancing masters have decreed

winter in the fashionable dance

we must remain six inches apart

who, my lords and gentlemen,

are measuring?

English poloists are a game

of the night. I did not mean to

but I have the original New York company of principals and 200 pretty girls.

Broadway, Matinee, Friday, June 27, and Saturday, June 28. Popular

Wednesday, June 26, \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES' Newest & Most Beautiful Playhouse—

MOROSCO BROADWAY DEP. 7/6-8/8 STS.

MATINEES THURS-SATY & SUN.

LOS ANGELES, Between Seventh and Eighth Sts. Phones—Main 271; Home 4824.

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Moroso Returns.

(Continued from First Page.)

friend DeWolfe Hopper with the Gilbert and Sullivan organization.

And less than a year from now "The Passing Show of 1913" is due, being on the docket for May at the Majestic. It has just opened at the Winter Garden in New York.

Southern and Marlowe are booked for January, Harry Lauder in February and Lillian Russell, Thanksgiving week.

Now that hasn't an bad for a half-hour interview is it?

James Harris, who is to manage the Lyceum beginning with its opening tomorrow, arrived yesterday, bringing with him the cast of "The Battle of Gettysburg" which will be the opening reel. He assures me that the Lyceum will not be an ordinary picture house in any sense, but will instead be the same of all that is great in this field.

A postal card from George A. Bovay announces that he probably will arrive from Denver Monday and resume the rains at the Empress which Deane Worley must lay down to make his new prints as personal representative for John W. Considine.

I am certain that we are to see some wonderful girls when the Nastino comes to the Moon. They're West Coast girls, and for a girls-like school and a wonderful sense of color effect, and her role in "Bella Donna" is one in which she has every opportunity to dress as fascinatingly as it is possible for a woman to do.

You can easily imagine the possibilities of the role when the star herself confesses that it is the "wickedest part" ever played.

Remember Edwin Ford, who used to be with the Four Fords, those whirling dancers? Now he has an act of his own which he calls "A Dancing Carnival." He has been booked at Panatage's.

"A Reader" — Here is the information you asked for: The girls who will appear with Ed Armstrong and Ethel Davis at Panatage's next week in "A Scotch Ho-ho" are Beatrice in "Cinderella," Dorothy in "Diana," Dot Smith, Grace Terrell, Bert Faust, Alice Nace, Gerde Alvarado, Violet Mansfield and Jane Astor.

What you want to know?

I have it directly from the lady herself that she pronounces her name Nah-see-mah-rah with the accent on the second syllable. This is her real name, as her father, a chemist living by the Black Sea in Russia, is named Nahimoff. The star's name is the feminine derivation.

Yesterday I managed to persuade Willie and Eugene Howard to give me a copy of their "Wink" in the first act of "The Passing Show" so that I can see how it looks. It struck me as interesting enough to print.

Eugene Howard as a customs inspector; Willie Howard as a valet; Inspector — Well, young man, where did you come from?

Valet — Oh, I just came off from the boat.

Inspector — Well, where are your papers?

Valet — I haven't the papers, but I have the makings.

Inspector — You're pretty fresh, aren't you?

Valet — Fresh? Say, in my country that would be an insult.

Inspector — Well, (raising his fist) Well, I'm not in my country.

Inspector — Say, do you know who you are talking to?

Valet — No, who are you?

Inspector — Well, I'm the Inspector here, and a son of Uncle Sam.

Valet — Oh, you're a son of your Uncle Sam. You must be your own cousin.

Inspector — Look here; it's useless for you to try to avoid the emigrant laws.

Valet — Oh, that's all right. I know her very well.

Inspector — You know her well; who do you mean?

Valet — Emma Grant.

Inspector — Look here, what have you been doing?

Valet — I'm all right.

Inspector — What do you mean, you're all right.

Valet — I was a deck hand.

From "The Passing Show."

Above are the Quaker Girls, who have a really novel dance, while below is Charles Ross, versatile star of the production.

Valet — All right, I declare.

Inspector — Get out your trunks.

Valet — Where are we going, swimming?

Inspector — Not swimming trunks; I've got to put a duty on your trunks.

Valet — What for?

Inspector — It's my duty.

Valet — I thought that went to the government.

Inspector — It does go to the government.

Valet — You just said it was your duty.

Inspector — You seem to be a bright sort of chap. Some day you'll have a chance to become a great man.

Valet — I'll sell you my chance for a nickel.

Inspector — Now, you'll have to answer me a few questions before I can let you pass.

Inspector — All right. Now, what does your boss call you when he wants to pay you your salary?

Valet — Oh, he don't have to call me. I'm always right there.

Inspector — Here, what is your Christian name?

Valet — I'm a Jew, and a Christian. I'm a Jewish boy. My name is Chachalovich.

Inspector — How do you spell it?

Valet — You can't spell it; you know it.

Inspector — Born?

Valet — When were you born?

Valet — Oh, about 6 o'clock in the morning.

Inspector — Where?

Valet — Ireland.

Inspector — What part?

Valet — All of me.

Inspector — No, no. I mean what part of Ireland do you come from?

Valet — Siberia.

Inspector — It's very plain to see that your folks came from Russia.

Valet — You are mistaken.

Inspector — Do you mean to tell me that your folks didn't come from Russia?

Valet — No, they're there yet.

Inspector — Have you any relatives here?

Valet — Yes, I got a brother; a twin brother two years older than I am.

Inspector — A twin brother two years older than you are?

Valet — Well, three years older.

Inspector — What's the difference?

Valet — Excuse me, please, but what was that last question?

Inspector — I said, is your brother naturalized?

Valet — Well, one is, but the other is a glass eye.

Inspector — How did you ever get over to this country?

Valet — How do you think I came over by parcel post?

Inspector — Not at all. They don't let animals through the mail.

Valet — Is that so? Well, I got a letter this morning with a seal on it.

Inspector — Now come and tell me how you came over.

Valet — I worked my way over on a submarine boat. What?

Valet — You worked your way over on a submarine boat? What doing?

Valet — I was a deck hand.

Mme. Alla Nazimova,

Who will begin an engagement at the Majestic Monday in "Bella Donna."

A Masterpiece.

GREAT HOUSE ENJOYS THE JEWISH "KING LEAR."

THE last performance of the first season in Los Angeles of the Yiddish actors called out a packed house to see the "King Lear" of Jacob Gordin, a modernized, Jewish adaptation of Shakespeare's masterpiece.

It is the old story of the inhumanity of children toward parents, the heart-breaking, tear-bringing drama that has its culmination in the insanity of a one-time wealthy Russian Jew who has given over his fortune to his two married daughters, denying his young girl because of her wedlock to his wife.

The story begins with the Feast of Purim, the Jewish festival of Yuletide when gifts are the order of events. David Moehle, strongly and realistically played by Jacob Adler, is a wealthy Jewish merchant who is estranged from his wife. The old man announces his intention of going back to the promised land, back to Jerusalem, the home of his fathers.

He gives to his daughters all his fortune, with the proviso that they are to support him until he reaches Jerusalem, and should she aspire to the English stage, he will not remain with her.

The story begins with the Feast of Purim, the Jewish festival of Yuletide when gifts are the order of events.

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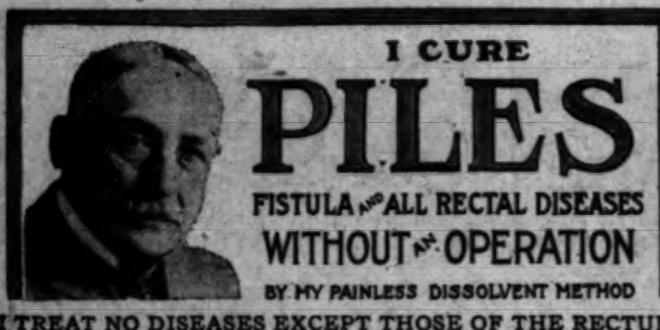
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David Moehle, strongly and realistically played by Jacob Adler, is a wealthy Jewish merchant who is estranged from his wife.



I TREAT NO DISEASES EXCEPT THOSE OF THE RECTUM AND BOWELS.

For twenty-five years I have been curing diseases of the rectum and lower bowel. During that time my experience as hospital and railroad surgeon, as college lecturer and professor, has enabled me to develop a method that is superior to all others. I care without surgery and my patients are never confined to bed and never lose a moment's time from their business.

My method is not a "home-remedy" or a "correspondence treatment," but it is an application of skillful treatments administered under the most rigid antiseptic conditions in my office.

I solicit old, severe and obstinate cases of fistula, prolapse, fissure and ulceration that have heretofore resisted all treatments employed. If you are a sufferer from rectal trouble I invite you to investigate my method thoroughly by talking or writing to any of my cured patients. If you will call at my office I will be pleased to give you the names and addresses of many well-known Los Angeles people I have cured, whom you may interview in regard to my treatment.

I send what a few well-known Southern California people have to say of my method. Many similar letters are on file in my office.

WELL KNOWN SANTA MONICA MINISTER CURED.

This is to certify that Dr. C. H. White has cured me of a distressing hemorrhoidal ailment of 25 years' duration. His method of treatment is effective but expensive. He has given me the knowledge and skill of years of experience in the fruitful source of physical disease. He accomplishes all he claims in his advertising and reasonable expense.

I take pleasure in heartily commanding the man and his methods.

WENLEY H. BEANS, Pastor First Methodist Episcopal Church, Santa Monica, Cal.

March 15, 1913.

ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE SUPERINTENDENT CURED.

Dr. C. H. White. I am thankful for the privilage of bearing witness to your ability to treat without pain and with success, the delicate and disabling diseases which result from sedentary work. To all who need the services of a skillful sympathetic and experienced specialist in your line, heartily command you.

Very sincerely yours,

ERVIN R. CHAPMAN, B.D., LL.D., Superintendent State Anti-Saloon League.

Dr. C. H. White, Rectal Specialist 423 S. Spring Street LOS ANGELES.

UNIQUE and UNEQUALED

The Los Angeles Times

Illustrated Weekly

Another Number Ready for Readers Saturday and Sunday.

Following is an Index to Some of the Features It Will Contain:

THE MEXICAN INDIAN—The Big Part He Plays in the Republic of Mexico. By Frank G. Carpenter.

A TRUE STORY OF OLD CALIFORNIA—John Murrieta's Wild Dash Into the Night With a Fortune in Gold. By Harry Carr.

A WOMAN WHO STOOD BY OLD GLORY—A True Story of Patriotism During the Civil War. By Ada Henry Van Pelt.

A JAUNT OF TWO WOMEN INTO MEXICO—Residents of Los Angeles Who Made a Daring Dash Among Rebels. By Amy Granville.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG—Telling How the Bloodiest Conflict of the Civil War Was Fought. By George H. Picard.

THE NATION'S ULTIMATUM—A Timely Story of Diplomacy. By Edgar White.

REPENTANCE WITHOUT REPARATION—A Forcible Editorial. By Herbert Kaufman.

CITY AND HOUSE BEAUTIFUL—PHYSIOLOGICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL WHO'S WHO—AND WHEREFORE BY THE WESTERN SEA. "COLUMN FORWARD."

GOOD SHORT STORIES—IN THE KALEIDOSCOPE. "HOME, SWEET HOME." POETRY AND HUMOR. THIS HUMAN BODY.

THE EAGLE—THE LANCER. POULTRY CULTURE. PACIFIC PERSONALS. CARTOONS OF THE DAY. MANY BEAUTIFUL HALFTONES.

Chas. E. Post & Co.
Designers and Makers

Art Lighting Fixtures

111 W. Seventh St., Room 104
Near Flower. Tel. 1941

WALK-OVER

THE SHOE FOR YOU

"Elbow" in all leather. \$5.00

Two Walk-Overs

Two Walk-Overs, and Spruce at Fourth, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 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Public Service: City Hall, Courts.

SUMMARY OF THE DAY.

C. H. Eubank, a banker of Wilmington, made the Harbor Commission an informal offer yesterday to dispose of the bond issue of \$750,000 for improvements at the inner harbor.

The City Clerk reported yesterday that \$2819.48 due on unsecured personal property taxes has been uncollected by the City Tax and License Collector.

More than 35,000 parcels of land will be included in the assessment district for the Hollywood main sewer. The descriptions have been completed and the maps sent to the City Engineer's office for checking. Payments of assessments will probably not be due until about the first of October.

The Mayor has not yet signed the new billboard ordinance and will arrange for a conference between the club women and the billboard owners.

Dr. John R. Haynes, who is chief Marshal in the county salary ordinance, and the Budget Committee of the City Council yesterday for an increase in salary for the examiner and acting secretary of the commission over which he presides.

Judges of the Superior Court are to meet Monday in the act of the Legislature requiring a new Judge to sit in the Juvenile Court every three years, and it is declared unconstitutional in unofficial opinions by them.

At the City Hall.

OFFERS TO SELL HARBOR BONDS.

WILMINGTON BANKER MAY HANDLE SECURITIES.

Tells Commission He Can Place Portion of These Immediately and Believes Would Be Able to Dispose of Entire Issue—Another Buying Proposition Informally Submitted.

C. H. Eubank, head of the First National Bank of Wilmington, who has taken a deep interest in the development of the harbor at that point, visited the Harbor Commission yesterday and submitted an informal proposition to handle the \$750,000 improvement bonds for the inner harbor.

Eubank stated that he has clients who are willing to purchase portions of these securities, and that his own bank would take a part of them. He believes that he would be able to dispose of the entire issue.

The general bond market is not promising at this time, and the offer of local men to interest themselves in the selling of the recently authorized harbor bond issues is appreciated by the Harbor Commission.

Another informal offer for harbor bonds has been made to the commission by C. F. Gurdridge of the Standard American Dredging Company. He proposes to purchase sufficient bonds from time to time to advance the money for additional dredging of the channels provided the company is given an extension of its contracts.

LET THEM SLIP BY.

UNCOLLECTED PERSONAL TAXES.

These are uncomfortable days for City Tax and License Collector Taggart. Following the report of the City Auditor last week of shortages in the accounts of the Tax Collector's office, which were made good by Taggart's personal check, after he was called before the Mayor and told that he would have to make good, City Clerk Wilde yesterday fled for presentation to the City Council a statement regarding the failure of the City Tax Collector to collect large amounts of money on personal property assessments that were unsecured.

In this report to the Council the City Clerk says:

"Permit me to call your attention to some of the accounts of unsecured personal property tax for the year 1912-13 on the tax roll as turned over to this department by the City Tax and License Collector."

Then follows a list that totals \$2819.48. In items made up of over \$10. The largest of these is an amount of \$2191.47 against Title Guarantees and Trust Company; another is for \$356.50 against William R. Ramsdell, and still another is for \$100 against the Goss Printing Company. Other items in the list are for \$100.

HOLLYWOOD SEWER.

ASSESSMENT ROLL IMMENSE.

A. J. Larson of the sewer Assessment Bureau has completed the descriptions of the more than 35,000 parcels of land included in the Hollywood main sewer assessment district, and has sent the maps to the City Engineer's office for checking so that any changes in boundaries through new subdivisions, streets or alleys, may be detected. The maps will get back to Larson's bureau about the last of July, when they will be rechecked there, and the extension of the assessments will begin. This will not be completed until the latter part of September. This means that property owners within the district will not have to make their payments for the main sewer until probably about the first of October.

The assessment for this year was awarded to P. A. and C. H. Howard for \$247,957.95. In addition to this there will be about 10 per cent of this amount for engineering and inspection fees.

It is impossible at this time to state whether the lot assessments will be all lots within the district outside of the streets wherein the main sewer will have a uniform assessment. It is probable that this will not exceed fifteen or twenty cents per front foot.

The district is bounded by very irregular lines, the extreme westerly one being Crescent avenue; portions of the district reaching to Los Feliz road on the north; Melrose on the east and as far south as Exposition boulevard.

Must Have More Time.

Col. Schreiber, head of the Bureau of Street Assessments, asked the Board of Public Works yesterday to request the City Council to extend the time for filing assessments for widening Twenty-ninth street from Vermont avenue to Manic avenue, from July 12 to October 12, as it will be impossible to finish the assessment within the sixty days allowed.

for the work. This request will go to the City Council next Tuesday.

Conference on Billboards.

The Mayor has not yet affixed his signature to the ordinance regulating the height of billboards, adopted by the City Council last Tuesday. He is not satisfied with the provision allowing billboards to be ten feet six inches high, and proposes to call a conference of the club women who have made the fight against billboards, and have the billboard men present to meet the arguments advanced against them.

Haynes Asks for Increase.

Dr. John R. Haynes, who is posing in the limelight just now in connection with the engineering of a referendum on the subject of salaries of county officers, before the Budget Committee of the City Council yesterday, pleading for an increase in salary of the examiner and acting secretary of the Civil Service Commission. M. D. Dee, who is filling both of the secretaries' spaces, is getting \$150 per month. Dr. Haynes said that he has been given a salary of \$200 a month. The Budget Committee objected. It is trimming down everywhere possible in order to make the available finances meet the demands. Chairman Whiffen half-way persuaded that a raise of \$10 per month might be allowed, but it is understood that he will be opposed by McKenna and Bettinson, other members of the committee.

Presents Fine Map.

The Harbor Commission was presented a fine map of San Pedro and the harbor, yesterday, by Miss C. Rogers of San Pedro. The map is one foot, giving comprehensive details of the harbor district, and is such a valuable adjunct to the commission's office that it was at once mounted in a conspicuous position.

Petition for Public Market.

A voluminous petition signed by residents and property owners in the district north of Brooklyn avenue was filed with the City Clerk yesterday for the establishment of the public market at the southeast corner of Brooklyn and Fairmont avenue. The petitioners declare that this would serve a populous district that is sixteen blocks from the present market on Boyle Heights.

Must Abate the Noise.

The Atlas Mixed Mortar Company is operating a gravel pit in the Arroyo Seco, near Carrollton boulevard, but the neighbors complain of the noise of the machinery and declare it is a nuisance. They have appealed to the City Council for relief. The Public Welfare Committee heard representations of the neighbors yesterday and it is inclined to allow the operation of the plant, provided the noise is abated or reduced to the minimum.

The only recourse in the circumstances, Judge Wilbur believes, is an extra session of the Legislature. He contends that the bill was known to be unconstitutional by the persons who introduced, advocated and sponsored its passage. As a preventative remedy he suggests that all bills enacted by each House of the Legislature should contain a certificate to the Governor certifying a copy as the final and authentic record of the Legislature before the committee had been made.

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Frank T. Owen pleaded guilty to burglary and with a record of two former terms in the penitentiary, Judge Willis gave him ten years in San Quentin. Owen had no excuse for his crime, he said, and was serving ten years, although it is stated by the judges that the function of assigning judges to departments is entirely in the hands of themselves and any attempt to dictate otherwise is regarded as a usurpation by legislative power.

Judge Wilbur places the blame for the new law upon the heads of the president and secretary of the Senate, the Speaker and chief clerk of the Assembly who violated the fundamental principles of the Constitution in enacting and certifying as correct a form of bill which had not yet been compared and handing to the Governor the certified copy as the final and authentic record of the Legislature before the committee had been made.

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Public Service: City Hall, Courts.

SUMMARY OF THE DAY.

C. H. Eubank, a banker of Wilmington, made the Harbor Commission an informal offer yesterday to dispose of the bond issue of \$180,000 for improvements at the inner harbor.

The City Clerk yesterday reported that \$281.45 due on unsecured personal property taxes has been uncollected by the City Tax and License Collector.

More than 25,000 parcels of land will be included in the assessment district for the Hollywood main sewer. The descriptions have been completed and the map sent to the City Engineer's office for checking. Payments of assessments will probably not be due until about the first of October.

The Mayor has not yet signed the new billboard ordinance and will arrange for a conference between the club women and the billboard owners.

Dr. John R. Haynes, who is chief Morul in the movement against the new salary ordinance, addressed the Budget Committee of the City Council yesterday for an increase in salary for the examiner and acting secretary of the Civil Service Commission. P. M. Doe, who is filling both of the Secretary, Building is getting \$150 a month.

Haynes asked that he be given a salary of \$200 a month. The Budget Committee objected. It is trimming down everywhere possible in order to make the available finances meet the demands. Chairman Whitten of the Budget Committee said that \$25 per month might be allowed, but it is understood that this will be opposed by McKenney and Betzko, other members of the committee.

Presents Nine Maps.

The Harbor Commission was presented a fine map of San Pedro and the harbor, yesterday, by Miss C. Dogan of San Pedro. The map is 6x feet, giving comprehensive details of the harbor district, and is such a valuable adjunct to the commission's office that it was at once mounted in a conspicuous position.

Petition for Public Market.

A voluminous petition signed by residents and property owners in the district north of Brooklyn avenue was filed with the City Clerk yesterday, asking for the establishment of a public market at the southeast corner of Mott street and Fairmount avenue. The petitioners declare that this would serve a populous district that is sixteen blocks from the present market on Boyle Heights.

Most Above the Noise.

The Atlas Mixed Mortar Company is operating a gravel pit in the Arroyo Seco, near Carolina boulevard, but the neighbors complain of the noise of the machinery and declare it is a nuisance. They have appealed to the City Council for relief. The Public Works Committee heard representations of the concern yesterday, and it is inclined to allow the operation of the plant, provided the noise is abated or reduced to the minimum. The final decision will be made by the Council next Tuesday.

The company has a lease on the gravel pit that runs until 1919, and this covers the payment of \$150 a month for rental. If power machinery is eliminated it will have to fall back upon the use of horses and mules to haul the sand and gravel away, and this may be more expensive than the operation of the plant.

The statement was made at this hearing that one of the principal objects was willing to submit to the noise if he were paid \$100 a month, and that he had made this offer in the presence of witnesses.

LET THEM SLAP BY.

UNCOLLECTED PERSONAL TAXES.

These are uncomfortable days for City Tax and License Collector Taggart. Following the report of the City Auditor last week of shortages in the accounts of the Tax Collector's office, which was made good by Taggart's personal check, after he had paid twice, the Mayor and Council said that he would have to make good. City Clerk Wilder yesterday filed for presentation to the City Council a statement regarding the failure of the City Tax Collector to collect large amounts of money due on personal property assessments that were waived.

In this report to the Council the City Clerk says:

"Permit me to call your attention to some of the larger items that were deducted from the personal tax from the 1815-16 on the tax roll as turned over to this department by the City Tax and License Collector."

Then follows a list that totals \$281.45. In items made up of over \$10. The largest item is an assessment of \$181.47 against the Title Guarantee and Trust Company; another is for \$186.36 against William R. Ramondell, and still another is for \$100 against the Goss Printing Company. Other items in the list are for less than \$10.

HOLLYWOOD SEWER ASSESSMENT ROLL IMMENSE. A. J. Larson of the sewer assessment Bureau has completed the descriptions of the more than 25,000 parcels of land included in the Hollywood main sewer assessment district, and has sent the maps to the City Engineer's office, clearing so the new subdivisions, streets or alleys, may be detected. The maps will get back to Larson's bureau at the last of July, when they will be rechecked there and the extension of the boundary will be made.

The Board of Public Works yesterday issued the formal notice of the Council's action in referring to it the findings of the Municipal League and Council special committee on the subdivision of materials in the Hill-street human facing, and the recommendations for the immediate reconstruction of the City Engineer's department.

The subject was taken under advisement. It is understood that the board has tentative plans for a reorganization effected and that the complete plan will be announced within a few days.

JUDGE CONNER WINS.

A decision of interest to short-hand reporters was delivered by the District Court of Appeals yesterday. In the case of Nellie G. Allen against Judge Conner, a petition was filed praying for a writ of mandamus to require the defendant to certify a certain transcript. It appears that in a certain case in which the petitioner was defendant, there was no stenographic report of the proceedings made. An application was made by the defendant for a transcript of the case, and the court refused, saying that the transcript asked for was not such a one as under the requirements of the section, the court was required to attest as to its correctness. A demurser and an answer were interposed in behalf of Judge Conner, and the District Court sustained the defendant.

Must Have More Time.

Col. Schreiber, head of the Bureau of Street Assessments, asked the Board of Public Works yesterday to request the City Council to extend the time for this assessment from Hollywood and Wilshire street, from Vermont avenue to Melrose avenue, from July 15 to October 15, as it will be impossible to finish the assessment within the sixty days allowed

for the work. This request will go to the City Council next Tuesday.

Conference on Billboards.

The Mayor has not yet signed his signature to the ordinance regulating the height of billboards, adopted by the City Council last Tuesday. He is not satisfied with the provision allowing such boards to be ten feet six inches high, and proposes to call a conference of the club women who have made the fight against billboards, and have the billboard men present to meet the arguments advanced against them.

Haynes Asks for Increase.

Dr. John R. Haynes, who is posing in the limelight just now in connection with the engineering of a referendum on the subject of a salary of county officers, was before the Budget Committee of the City Council yesterday, pleading for an increase in salary of the examiner and acting secretary of the Civil Service Commission. P. M. Doe, who is filling both of the Secretary, Building is getting \$150 a month.

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The determination of Judge Wilbur is to be relieved of the onerous and increasing work of the Juvenile Court became known yesterday when, in a written statement, he denounced the new Juvenile Court law signed by the Governor as an unconstitutional interference with the judicial department by the Legislature. He stated that before learning of the mistake in connection with the enrollment and authentication of the Juvenile Court bill, he had arranged with the judges of this county to be transferred to another department.

At the City Hall.

OFFERS TO SELL HARBOR BONDS.

WILMINGTON BANKER MAY HANDLE SECURITIES.

Tells Commission He Can Place Portion of These Immediately and Believes State Will Be Able to Dispose of Entire Issue—Another Day's Preparation Informally Submitted.

C. H. Eubank, head of the First National Bank of Wilmington, who has taken a deep interest in the development of the harbor at that point, visited the Harbor Commission yesterday and submitted an informal proposal to handle the \$750,000 improvement bonds for the inner harbor.

Eubank stated that he has clients who are willing to purchase portions of these securities, and that his own bank would take a part of them. He believes that he would be able to dispose of the entire issue.

The public bond market is not promising at this time, and the offer of local men to interest themselves in the selling of the recently authorized harbor bond issue is appreciated by the Harbor Commission. It has issued the Harbor bond issue under a written offer for Harbor bonds has been made to the committee by C. F. Guthrie of the Standard American Dredging Company. His proposal to purchase sufficient bonds from month to month to maintain the market for additional dredging of the channels provided the company is given an extension of its contracts.

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At the Courthouse.

JUDGES COMPLAIN OF LEGISLATION.

SAY THEIR PREROGATIVES ARE ENCOUGHED UPON.

Juvenile Affairs to Be in Other Hands Soon—Buggy Maker Accused by Girls Endeavors to Prove Alibi—Whittier Smokers Must Use Hold-over Stock Sundries.

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Ray J. Burket, who pleaded guilty to a charge of grand larceny, was allowed to go on three years probation.

George D. H. Dewey, a boy employed on the "Pike" in Venice, pleaded guilty to a statutory charge. If his attorney can get the accused a regular place of employment by July 1, the court intimated that he will be released on probation.

Miss Asuel Ross, the big negro who robbed H. F. Thayer of \$70 at the Union League Club, where she was employed as a charwoman, was given four years in San Quentin.

John D. Hill refused to entertain her application for probation.

Herbert Wagner and John Horton, having pleaded guilty to burglary, were put away. Wagner in Folsom for three years and Horton in San Quentin for the same period. Wagner intimated that he had already served a term in San Quentin, and Horton said that under the name of John Downs he had served on the battleship Maryland, from which he had deserted while she was lying in the harbor in San Diego.

John O. Owen pleaded guilty to burglary and with a record of two former terms in the penitentiary. Judge Wilbur would not be eligible under its provisions as he has served ten years, although it is stated by the judges that the function of assigning the juvenile department to the hands of themselves and any attempt to dictate otherwise is regarded as a usurpation by legislative power.

The only recourse in the circumstances is for the Legislature to amend the Juvenile Court law to provide that no one under the age of 16 years can be made a juvenile by the Legislature before the time of his 16th birthday.

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Volume III, No. 26.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1913.

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HARRISON GRAY OTIS.

Regular Weekly Issue Over 91,000

EDITORIAL.

A Big-Hearted Man.

It was absolutely delightful to read not long ago of the visit of Mr. Taft to Washington, the first time since he vacated the President's chair to his successor. Mr. Taft had more just reasons for indulging in a personal grouch than perhaps any other man who was ever defeated in the race for the greatest office in the world. The visit of the former President and his manner of greeting his successor called up in sharp contrast the manner in which he was treated by his predecessor. Mr. Roosevelt had no reason for a grouch. He left the office voluntarily, and more than that, picked Mr. Taft as his own successor. Yet after inauguration day Theodore Roosevelt never entered the White House while William H.

Taft was in office. He passed right through the capital, ignoring his former friend, and every action for the four succeeding years was one of bitter hostility to the man he had selected himself. Mr. Taft was quite within the truth when he said on his visit to his former haunts: "I am the happiest man in the United States." Mr. Taft is too big a man in brain and heart to let defeat, however unmerited, however unexpected, however great, get under his cuticle. His disposition is altogether admirable.

Action,
Less
Wind.

The sensible, practical people of this city are likely to look with great favor upon the brief outline of policy put forth by the new Mayor. In brief,

Judge Rose's programme is to give himself, with all his time, attention and talents, to the business of his office in order to keep this city in a quiet, law-abiding, peaceable condition, free from turmoil and strife so far as he is able to bring about this desirable end. Incidentally the new Mayor tells us that his policy will be to keep close-mouthed silence about the city administration.

It is a sober, sensible, practical programme. We have had entirely too much grand-stand play to catch the eye of the multitude, especially of the unthinking part thereof, too much sensational drama and too little actual work. Many of the city officials have shown an itching desire not merely to get into the limelight, but to stay there. They have jostled and crowded one another for the middle of the stage, and half a dozen of them at a time have tried to deliver their "spiel" all together.

The Mayor's duties are clearly defined and not complicated. He is the executive head of the city government, and his main business is to see that such laws as exist are put into practice and executed fairly and equally, treating all citizens alike.

We do not share the very down-to-date and radically-progressive programme that the executive's business, whether in city, State or national affairs, is not so much to perform the functions of an executive as to boss, direct and control the other cognate branches of the government. Like all good citizens, the executive has his influence and has a right to exercise it. But we repeat, his first duty is to give most if not all his time and talents to his own official duties, and in a great city like this, these are numerous

enough and important enough to occupy the mind of a man of reasonable ability.

These
Spoils-
men.

The civil service reform in American politics set in motion some thirty years ago was largely of Democratic origin. It was advocated by a Democrat of such unquestionable Democracy as that of the late George H. Pendleton, who was exiled from his country because of his ardent sympathy with the Southern Confederacy. Mr. Cleveland was a very strong advocate of civil-service reform, so much so that he kept a Republican postmaster in office in New York City, to the great disgust of able Democrats who wanted the job.

Republican Presidents have generally maintained the policy honestly in its integrity. Mr. Taft was particularly strong for both honesty and capacity in the personnel of public servants.

It is a doctrine that ought to be dear to the truly Democratic heart. For Thomas Jefferson, the author of Democracy, laid down the rule in the infant days of the republic that public servants should be picked for sobriety, honesty and capacity.

From every possible point of view President Wilson ought to prove a good President, and above all things we should expect of him thorough sincerity and a maintenance of the law.

His task may be a hard one when it comes to keeping in office Republicans, however honest and however capable they may be, while the horde of Democratic office-seekers stand out in the cold.

No laws can be made that are not circumventable through insincere chicanery or open hypocrisy. If the administration will lend itself to the work, the civil-service rules will prove so full of gaps that the whole horde of office-seekers may run through to the pie counter and be fed.

There is one branch of the service, and a most important one, not under civil-service legal protection, but simply protected by an executive order made by President Taft. We refer to the consular service. It is almost the universal consensus of opinion on the part of those who have traveled abroad that the American consuls at the present day are the most intelligent and energetic body of consuls in the world. Their work in the inter-

ests of American commerce is the admiration and despair of their rivals.

The tenure of office of every consul on the face of the earth will be attacked by some aspiring patriot entirely capable of drawing the salary, whatever else he may be incapable of. If the President disturbs the consular service and replaces it with an ineffective one, let it be put on record that the matter will be heard of.

Those
Experts
Huh!

The draft of the proposed banking and currency act presented by Congressman Glass and Senator Owen is like the human frame as seen by the psalmist of old. It is "fearfully and wonderfully made."

The proverbial Philadelphia lawyer would be at his wits' end to trace out the ramifications of this complex act to be put before Congress.

We read the other day in Washington dispatches to the newspapers that the "experts" were in somewhat of a disagreement touching certain provisions of this measure.

The word is a revelation to those who know anything about banking. What is an "expert"? Is it a high-brow, crammed with book-learning like a sophomore just before his examination, or like a candidate for a civil service appointment before he goes before the commissioner?

An expert is a person with experience, and experience comes from actual practice. A boiler-maker may know well the theory of tailoring, or a shoemaker may have studied a great deal about the painter's or the musician's art. But the boiler-maker would make a very poor hand at cutting out a dress suit, and the shoemaker who attempted to criticise a picture would be told as the one of old to stick to the last, the awl and the end of his trade, while as to playing a Beethoven symphony on the grand piano, his fingers would be very inefficient.

Congressman Glass, who has framed the banking bill, is a rather poorly-educated mountaineer from Virginia whose activities as a man have been confined exclusively to editing a country newspaper. Senator Owen from Oklahoma is one of the advocates of the guarantee deposit law of that radical State. Either of these gentlemen could probably draw a bank check and cash one.

Repentance Without Reparation Is Wasted.

Herbert Kaufman.

You won't efface trouble if you don't face it—it isn't a choice of fight or fight—worry runs on the same legs that carry you.

No man ever managed to put distance between himself and his heart.

Conscience and you are a pair of Siamese twins—inseparable. So find where you are and have it out with yourself. You'll hear the accusations of the same inner voice no matter where you make your bed or raise your head.

Happiness will remain a will-o'-the-wisp so long as you are deluded with the notion that you can forget wrongdoing.

Make a clean breast of your mistakes and your derelictions.

Frankness inspires admiration even though its penalty is condemnation.

Voluntary confession is an indubitable earnest of repentance, but surrender to detection cancels every chance to have us believe in your sincerity.

In the end retribution is certain to overtake you. In one way or another you are destined to bear the consequences of every evil moment.

Misery and dishonor walk hand in hand.

However great success may seem, it is not real without self-respect.

Bitter wine is not sweeter because it is drunk from a golden cup.

There's no satisfaction in the world's good opinion when your soul indicts you of sneaking—convicts you of fraud and condemns you to acknowledge that you are overestimated and undeserving.

Every career must in its finality resolve itself into a game of solitaire. Life is a stretch of wasted time if the cards don't come right without cheating.

The man who has no peace of mind is a failure.

Trust and faith and affection bring no joy to him whose memory stalks with ghosts of treachery and sin.

Wealth isn't an anodyne—money will not deaden the anguish of remorse.

You can't clean your slate in private; it isn't enough to feel sorry; out with it; stand the gaff.

Repentance is a selfish and wasted impulse, unless it inspires you to reparation.

Mute regret won't wipe out old scores.

Apologize without a quaver.

You can't humble yourself by a deed of justice; on the contrary, your strength is never so apparent as when you are courageously penitent.

Postponement only increases the difficulty of atonement. The longer you wait the heavier it will weigh.

Time is merciful to the wounded. Their hurts heal with the years, but the farther you go and the older you grow the greater will be your suffering and the heavier your penance.

Square your record while there's opportunity to outbalance a misspent youth by a noble middle-age.

When your hairs are white you haven't future enough to offer due recompense for a black past.

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By the Western Sea. Land of the Great Southwest.

Good Days to Come.

"THE leafy month of June" with all its perfect days, June roses and June brides, is essentially gone. That may be a sad tale to tell where June days are about the only perfect ones of the year. But here by the Western Sea and all throughout the Great Southwest we look with equal mind on the departure of the month of perfect days, of roses and of brides. The mustard may have shed its gold all along the mesas, and the lupine may be faded along the lea. But there are other flowers that take their place. There is so little difference, not only between May and June or June or July, but between the queen of the months of beauty and November with its "melancholy days" or December with the "dark days around Christmas," that dwellers in this land of all delights see June pass without casting a "longing, lingering look behind," knowing that days as perfect as those of June, and many of them at that, are in store for us. June just passed has been scarcely high enough in caloric to make life pleasantest to us here. So when the sun reached his highest point in the northern sky on Sunday last, 120,000 denizens of the city of Los Angeles betook themselves to the silver sands by the seaside to hear the lullaby of the murmuring waves, or along the breeze-swept mesas following perfect roads far inland, while some climbed dizzy heights, following mountain streams to where the snows still lie thick upon the mountain peaks.

For Vacation Days.

HIP, hip, hurrah! Three cheers and a tiger! Schools are closed, and care-free childhood, barefooted and with the crown out of its hat, can run the silver sands of the seashore from the time the mockingbird peeps its first song in the morning until the lark goes to bed with the sun in the gloaming of the twilight evening. And middle age and decrepit oldness will mingle their cheers with those of childhood and youth, and forgetting the cares of business and housekeeping will revel through many a sunny day by the chorus of the waves upon the headlands or where the breezes sing among the pines upon the mountain top. It is good to be in the Great Southwest any and all times of the year, and at any and all places. But when summer suns are shedding their warmest rays over the landscape, when stormy days are impossible, when the movement of the air is at worst but a zephyr, then it is best to be in the Great Southwest, and it matters little whether your lot is by the seashore, in the wooded canyon or upon the bald mountain brow. There is joy everywhere, and abundance of it. The Times in its "Vacation Pink" last Sunday told the gentle lovers of natural scenery and the tired lovers of quiet days where to find their hearts' delight. The menu was as various as ever set out in Lucullan feast. Just think, one can take a week's vacation and reach the top of the canyon down which mountain torrents pour, where woods are thick and the pines are spicy, and stay there a week for five dollars. You may fish or loaf, lie under the trees or walk along the mountain ridges, as you please. Or you may go to the seashore and it will cost you scarcely more. And who can tell which brings the deepest glow to the cheek or the most tonic to the blood, the spicy breezes among the pines on the mountain-side or those with the salt tang by the seashore?

Throbbing Activity.

HERE seems absolutely no reason to expect any very great check to our industrial activities here in Los Angeles or throughout the Great Southwest for the next thirty months at least. Los Angeles people seem to anticipate none, nor do they anywhere else. There are twenty great buildings under construction in Los Angeles city at this moment, several of them nearly completed at a cost of a million dollars each, others just begun at quite as large a contemplated cost. The property-owners of the northwestern section of the city are facing an expense of a million and a half in piercing the hill west of the business center with two great tunnels to give access to a rapidly-growing population now forced to make a long detour to get into the business center. There is so much unanimity of opinion as to the driving of these tunnels that only

a blunder on the part of the city authorities by attempting to extend the assessment district unreasonably can stop the work. The street department of the city shows that in four years there has been expended \$2,500,000 on street improvements in the city of Los Angeles, and the next four promise to see a larger expenditure for the same purpose. The Southern Pacific Railroad is actively engaged in preparing the ground for its new depot that will cost a million dollars before it is finished. The Santa Fe Railroad is planning double-tracking its line from Los Angeles to Needles at a cost of ten million dollars. Among the new buildings planned for Los Angeles is a hotel on Spring street just below Fourth which will cost with its furnishings half a million dollars. There is no disguising the fact that the partial destruction of the citrus fruit crop by the severe frost last January has been a handicap. But the loss was far from total. Orange-growers around Whittier will receive \$150,000 more this year than last. Lemon growers at the edge of summer are getting \$6 a box.

More Activity Indications.

THE Guggenheims are reported to have recently paid a million dollars for mining property on the American River near Auburn. The mining industry of the Coast is by no means dead or sickly. A real estate syndicate has just invested a large sum of money in a tract of 160 acres in Spanish Canyon, near Monrovia. The whole tract will be developed into a high-class residence proposition, and a great deal of money will be spent in preparing the ground. In Imperial county cattle men are rushing stock in to fatten upon the alfalfa meadows of that rich valley, and it is said that there will be 50,000 beehives there by the fall. The farmers are netting \$100 an acre for their alfalfa, or 10 per cent. on \$1,000 an acre valuation. Up in Ventura county the bean crop is promising excellently, and with an importation of Lima beans at the port of New York from faraway Madagascar Island to the extent of 40,000 bags, there seems no danger of overstocking the market with California beans. Down at Garden Grove, with no sugar factory close by, 1500 acres are in sugar beets at the present time, which are expected to turn out 18,000 tons of beet roots and to bring to the community \$12,000. The report of the Union Oil Company shows that for the first five months of the current year the gross returns from the sale of oil were greater than for the same period last year by \$1,500,000. For the five months the sale of oil amounted in gross to just short of \$8,000,000. There is only included above a single small district of secondary importance in the matter of sugar beets, and only one oil company out of the many that are making large returns in the State. Building permits are a little slack in Los Angeles just now, but June will probably show at the end a gross return of \$2,500,000.

Our Mountain Scenery.

DAVID, King of Israel, rejoiced with a poet's heart as he contemplated the fact that "the hills stand around Jerusalem," his capital city. Hills have figured greatly in history, poetry and romance since before the time that the ark rested upon Ararat or the cross was raised on Calvary, or the Savior bowed in the Garden of Gethsemane or Moses received the law on the top of Sinai. And Gen. Bonaparte with his 20,000 men was not the only one that marched up the hill and marched down again. Switzerland has drawn untold thousands of tourists to feast their eyes upon her mountain scenery since the days of Hannibal and Caesar. The Pacific Coast of America presents mountain scenes grander and more inspiring than any other part of the world, with the exception of northern India, where the Himalayas come nearer burning their bald pates in the sun than any other mountain range on earth. Right here close to Los Angeles we have uplifts that rise 10,000 feet and more above sea level, carrying August snows upon their brows. But they are only anthills. There is an attempt being made now to decide whether glorious Mt. Rainier on beautiful Puget Sound, or Mt. Whitney is the higher. Anyhow, either of them is more than 14,500 feet high, and they are anthills compared with Mt. McKinley, which that Eskimo missionary has just scaled to its topmost peak, a distance of 20,000 feet above the sea level. That is two-thirds of the way up to the brow of Mt. Everest. On the coast of western

America may be found all types of mountain scenery. Shasta is pretty nearly as smooth and polished to the eye from a distance as Mont Blanc, and St. Helens on the Columbia River is even more so, being an immense beehive, smooth as a ball and unbroken in its whiteness. Alaska presents everything that is grand and impressive to be found on the Scandinavian Peninsula.

Fossil Remains.

THE Brea pit—that is, the crude-oil deposits from which the volatile substances have evaporated, right on the edge of the city of Los Angeles, has furnished to science fossil remains of the greatest value. Many parts of the Coast have contributed to our knowledge of the fauna of the far past, not to mention the famous Calaveras skull sung about by Bret Harte and told about by Mark Twain. The University of California has in the field in Marin county an expedition at the present time exploring for vertebrate remains. They will find them, and the other kind, too. By the way, for fossil remains of invertebrates a good place to hunt would be in the political grave of the last California Legislature. Many of them were jellyfish without consistency enough to leave any remains.

Puget Sound to Point Loma.

WESTERN America is the mecca of civilization and progress of the current century. From the Straits of Juan de Fuca to the Mexican boundary is territory all under the American flag, and here is the land of all opportunity for all people for all time for a hundred years to come. It is a country of marvelous wealth in an undeveloped condition—marvelous in its variety and in its quantity. There is room along this Coast for all the people now in the United States, and then with room left for many more. Imagine the kingdom of Belgium, for a hundred years to come. It is a country in California, with a population of 6,000,000, more inhabitants than there are west of the backbone of the American continent. Antiquarians are telling us that Old Mexico 5000 years ago supported 100,000,000 people. The resources of Western America are so great and so varied that there is no room for jealousy on the part of one section toward another. It was therefore a proper spirit that was manifested the other day at Portland when the visitors to that city on the occasion of its annual Rose Festival joined hands and vowed loyalty to the interests of all the Coast in all its extent and pledged themselves to boost for every nook and corner of the Coast. There were Coast people there from Blaine at the mouth of Puget Sound to Tia Juana on the Mexican border, and they were all boosters, and boosters for the whole Coast. We need all the population and all the capital we can get here. And there is occupation for all who will come for a hundred years, and wealth for every efficient worker with head or hands for the whole century.

Photograph Gallery in a Cemetery.

[Harper's Weekly:] Many means have been used for marking the resting-place of the dead, or in ornamentation of their graves, from the ornate tombs of marble and granite to the grotesque totem poles of the American Indians. The French, who are noted for their fine taste in decoration and their discrimination in art matters, disfigure their marble tombs with hideous wreaths made of jet or purple glass beads. But it has remained for a little cemetery in New England to set a new fashion in a means of commemorating the dead.

A hole is chiseled into the slab or monument and into this is fitted a picture of the one whose grave is beneath. The portrait is generally a photograph or tintype. A cover which can easily be lifted up is then placed over the opening. Anyone passing through the cemetery and wishing to know how the person before whose tombstone he has halted appeared in life has only to raise the little cover over the picture to satisfy his curiosity.

This is by no means a new custom in this town. It began many years ago. On one of the monuments is a photograph placed there in 1865, which is as clean as though it had been put there a year ago.

Though this custom of having tombstones made to hold portraits originated in this particular place, it is now being adopted in neighboring towns.

[772]

"Column Forward!"

A RECORD OF INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS.

SUMMER skies are smiling around the heart and throughout all the members of the Great Southwest, which the more it expands the more disposition it shows to go on expanding. The little cloud is big as a man's hand that hung over the financial world of the Great Southwest a week ago is about dissipated, and there is no sign of let or hindrance in any of our various activities. So the bankers say, and surely they know.

The Big Four Railroad Company, up in Tulare county, has ordered steel rails for seventeen miles of road.

The city of Hemet boasts the completion of its sewer system at a cost of \$50,000.

Citizens at Hermosa Beach have voted bonds of \$80,000 for a City Hall, sewer system, fire apparatus, \$12,000 going for a public park.

When the enumerators took the census of Douglas, Ariz., three years ago they found 6437 souls. The directory census just completed indicates a population of 12,471.

Property holders along the northern edge of Orange county approve of plans of a highway to cost \$20,000 through La Habra Valley.

A syndicate of real estate men has \$350,000 for 100 acres at Palisades, San Monica.

The Federal government contemplates an installment of a new navy yard near Rosedale, San Diego, at a cost of \$340,000.

Glendale citizens are alive again in new bond issue to raise \$100,000 for high school purposes.

At Beaumont a new brickyard has opened with a capacity of 100,000 bricks.

Members of the Chamber of Commerce at Reedley stand sponsor for a new company with a fund of \$50,000.

At Lancaster, all precincts in the Lape Valley Union High School have given an almost unanimous vote of \$25,000 for school purposes.

At Venice a triumphant vote has been given for bonds in the amount of \$100,000 for school purposes.

In the new Vermont Square and Vermont Square district of Los Angeles new homes were started last week.

At Long Beach the members of St. Anthony's Church (Catholic) are planning a new church, convent and parish house at a cost of \$75,000.

A good deal of work will be begun near Los Angeles soon on State projects as follows: Armory, \$7000; medical department for the University of California, \$25,000; experiment station at Riverside, \$60,000; residences and outbuildings at Riverside, \$25,000; laboratory, \$100,000.

Members of the parish of St. John the Baptist, Roman Catholic Church, Los Angeles, are planning a new structure to cost \$100,000.

The First Methodist Church of Los Angeles has broken ground for a new edifice \$8000. The Knights of Pythias of the place are planning a hall to cost \$12,000.

A lot 75x160 feet, corner of Figueroa and 16th streets, Los Angeles, has been leased for ninety-nine years at a rent of \$700,000.

Personal.

[Sacred Heart Review:] Poor butcher who gives short weight: Four ounces go to a pound, where do you go to?

Illustration
A T

BULL
THERE was San Miguel Francisco cattle with a sa
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What undoubtedly did

Dr. COLEGROVE, Dentist

452½ S. Broadway, Corner 5th.



"T E RNI et quaterni beatu sunt." That is the way the poet Virgil, a Roman of aquiline type, greets certain mortals who he thought enjoyed peculiar privileges.

The Eagle looks down from his rocky aerie on humankind and thinks every human being should be happy in the enjoyment of his privileges.

The civilized man should rejoice in his superiority over the savage, and the savage is just as much above the highest form of the brute creation as the civilized man is above the savage. Ah, yes, ye humans indulged in so many privileges, ten times happier should ye be than the most contented of you seem to be.

These are June days we have been passing through, and here in the Great Southwest along the shores of the Western Sea and along the magnificent mountain ridges of the West these June days have been wondrously beautiful. The Eagle tribe and every winged thing that cuts the air and every beast of the field, "and the creeping things" all over the earth, enjoy the comfort if not the beauty of these perfect days. Every living thing rejoices in "the good old summer time," simply because of its comforts. But man alone, so far as we can judge, enjoys the beauty of these perfect days. That is why the human tribe is to be felicitated upon its higher organization.

The horse among four-footed creatures, like the Eagle among those with wings, stands in the first row among the most advanced creatures of his class. The horse feels the comfort of the perfect weather which prevails during these June days along the Western Sea. But how far he

falls below his master, who rejoices not only in their comforts, but in the beauties of these summer days.

The Eagle sees a high-bred, well-trained, well-groomed horse saddled and bridled, cantering along some beautiful road in the Great Southwest, while the breezes play in his magnificent mane and cool his flanks with their soft caresses. His eyes take in every object in the landscape far and near. He sees the shadow of a tree that falls across his path and rejoices in its comfort. He beholds the lush grasses on the hillside and his mind dwells upon the pleasures of the palate they would bring to him if he could only have an hour to roam over the knolls and through the valleys. He is conscious of the rich meadows that flank the road on either side, and knows what delight there would be in feeding in those fields. But there the pleasures of the equine mind end just where they begin. There is physical perspective before the eye of the horse, but there is none before his mind. He lives in the present alone and has neither memory of the past nor hope of the future. How limited his delights, how short-lived his pleasures!

The man on the horse's back sees just what the horse sees, so far as the physical eye goes, and the man's eye is arrested in its vision at a less distance than the horse. He does not see so clearly as his mount, in spite of his superior organization. But oh, what a difference there is between the man and his mount!

This one summer's day limits all the feelings, sentiments and aspirations of the horse. But to the man his surroundings are but a speck, and a very small one, in his feelings and sympathies. The horse may have lived through twenty such summers and may have seen hundreds of such days. He may have many years still to live and many days of ecstatic enjoyment in store for him. But the past is obliterated from his limited mind by the lapse of time, and the future is shut in from his conception more completely than eternity is to the mind of the man on his back.

The man may have lived but twenty summers or he may have lived fifty. In either case his mind, so wonderfully endowed, goes back through all the summers of his past and he lives over again in

memory hundreds of days like this before him. So, too, the human mind looks forward down the long vistas of the years, and in anticipation he enjoys hundreds of summer days to come, all full of as many and as great delights as crowd the one he is passing through.

It matters not where the horse was born and raised. He has no memory of his past, and his feelings are limited to the pleasures that he sees before him. How different it is with the master who guides him in his course! The man may have been born on the other side of a continent or far beyond seas in some clime different from the one he is now in, amid scenes far different from those around him. He analyzes and compares this with that, and so heightens the pleasure of every feeling that throngs his wonderful mind. The horse sees the breeze that bends the tall heads of the ripening grain and ripples the wheat field with waves like an ocean. The man sees that and goes back years, crosses continents and seas, and compares that scene with those of his long-past childhood. He watches the treetops decked with "the tresses of the woods" bend their graceful heads to the murmuring breeze, and he goes back in memory to the time when he was a little boy, to the cottage or the farmhouse where he was born, and he sees the trees that surround his ancestral home sway as they did before his youthful eyes in breezes that have ceased to circulate in the atmosphere long, long ago. He wanders in memory by some rippling brook in which he waded many a summer day, cooling his feverish feet in its limpid waters while overhead bend branches of oak and ash, of beech and willow, interlacing and throwing their shadows across the waves of the stream and across the undulating surface of the wheat field that borders the rivulet. His eye catches, as he rides along, the rushes or the ferns that the breeze causes to bend and rise, and as he sits there in his saddle he thinks of other days when his eye watched with pleasure just such rippling in ferns of bygone years and in tall, lush grasses where the foxglove bloomed and in close-cropped meadows where the daisies spangled the whole field.

And that is not all the difference between the man and his mount. The horse is as

lonely as Adam in the Garden before Eve was brought to be his companion. If he has a mate in the stable from whom he is momentarily separated his equine heart may glance back for a moment to that companion. But oh, think of the memories that swell almost turbulently in the mind of the man! He sees in some lost summer day the companions of his early years, parents, brothers, sisters, scenes, all enjoying just such happy days and so he lives over again as if his existence were myriad in character. He sees the pleasures of a thousand days to fill his soul to overflowing, and to rejoice him with thousands of delights.

There may be a strain of sadness in these memories. There may be the longing "for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still." But the tinge of chastened feeling only adds to his pleasure. For as he looks back and thinks of the scenes of those bygone days and those companions of other years, as he sees the stream, the shadow of the tree, the undulation of the meadow, and all those dear companions of the past, his mind's eye, so with the eye of hope he looks to the future. He sees many coming summers with just such perfect days, and he knows that they will bring new companions as sweet as those that are gone, and a hand of time heals the wounds made by former time. Yes, and he can do more than this, for the soul of man swells with the sense of his worth. He is conscious that he was not made for naught, and that he has a hope beyond this world. He looks not only beyond the hills, but beyond the skies, for "a city which hath foundations and for a time that will melt into eternity and never pass away. There he feels to gain he will again touch that vanished day and hear the musical sound of that voice that is still. And he hopes to make friendships where parting is no more.

Yours in admiration,

The Eagle
His man



THE LANCER

OF COURSE the only really interesting subject for discussion these days is what to drink in hot weather. But what is the use of a Lancer, whose whole duty in life is to criticise and lance everyone's pet vanities, dallying with the highly controversial but wholly delightful subject of cool drinks? All cool drinks are good; it is only a question of which one particularly favors and why. If I could conscientiously attack cool drinks in general and some cool drinks in particular, if I could throw my whole soul into the statement that hot drinks, the hotter the better, are the only appropriate drinks for hot weather, or if I could scientifically point out the idiocy of any kind of drink at all and prove that Nature knows her own business best and that when she ordains dry weather and a scarcity of drinks she knows what she is doing—why, then I might go ahead and lash your very souls.

But as it is, I must reluctantly turn my attention elsewhere. One class of people that need scouring certainly are

The Hoarders.

YOU know them, those utterly selfish folk who will hoard up things—anything and everything—year after year, just in case they may want them sometime. I have never been able to understand the temperament that can indulge in this sort of indefensible hoggishness and still remain plios.

I know people with wardrobes full of clothes that it is highly improbable they will ever wear again, which are rapidly going out of style, which will most assuredly get moth into them, and which many an

other less fortunate being sorely needs. Yet the mere idea of parting with any one garment gives their greedy owner a genuine pain. There the clothes remain, doing no one any good, giving no comfort, no pleasure, no satisfaction to anyone. Yet should their owner chance to move he will solemnly pack every last garment in many more trunks than he needs and proceed to fill the wardrobe in the new abode with his hoggish hoard.

When finally circumstances are too much for him and for some drastic reason he is forced to part with some of those frowsy, old-fashioned clothes, which have long since passed the stage where they can give anyone any pleasure—so out of date and musty that even an Alaskan convert accepts them with modified gratitude—your miserly, hoggish person expands with voluptuous benevolence and feels as if he is making the sacrifice of his life.

I know people that hoard books which they never open, just for the sake of feeling they are there. Not because they have read and loved them, not because they have any tender or intellectual associations whatsoever, but because "they belong to me, and what's mine is mine."

I know of one box of fine old lace that has been handed down through three generations now—beautiful exquisite stuff that should be shedding its charms for the benefit of an admiring world. But each generation that has possessed it regards it as too good to wear, too sacred to sell, and quite impossible to lend or give away. Once in ten years it is turned over by some member of the family just to see if there is a collar or fichu that would do for the present styles. There never is, of course, and it would be sacrilege to cut it or alter it in any way, and so the precious hoard is slowly decaying its beautiful life away in a musty old box in a musty old cupboard. And its owners, who must be in the style, of course, will buy and flaunt a precious dollar jabot, or whatever they call the silly dangly things that women affect.

There are many families in this very city who are hoarding up the clothes of the dead under some weird process of reasoning by which they consider it would be desecration to give them away and allow anyone else to wear them. And at the same time there are young men and women in this very town who cannot get positions because their clothes are too shabby, who are put to the

direst straits to cover their persons decently as the law requires.

Some people will hoard anything. Cardboard boxes, tobacco tins, frayed collars, newspapers, disused pipes, miscellaneous letters, pamphlets, folders, screws and old nails, rags, old gloves, old boots, apple pits, false teeth, old keys, pencil ends—anything and everything. Some of them are quite decent people, too, with just that particular streak of meanness and parsimony to mar an otherwise nice disposition.

Active Usefulness.

IT SEEKS to require extraordinary strength of mind in some people to turn out the rubbish, to burn the useless. And to make the unused useful. Everything in the world ought to be fulfilling its vocation in life. The only excuse for hoarding clothes that cannot be worn is their historic interest or their exceptional beauty and value. In which case they should be on view where someone can be enjoying that side of their usefulness.

It is the spirit of mean hoarding, the dog-in-the-manger attitude of so many well-to-do people that is at the bottom of Socialism. For a man to hoard up a drink of water that he may want at some future time when his comrade is parched with thirst is about the lowest crime of which he could be guilty. Yet that is what these indiscriminate hoarders do every day and rather pride themselves on their providence. A dash of the improvident spirit, a humanly affectionate impulse of recklessness, a glorious disregard of the remote future would improve some people out of all recognition. Just think of the happy surprises, the pathetic gratitude—in many cases, the wild delight—we could occasion by simply hastening to hand over the hoards of things we cannot ourselves use to the people who sorely need them. And the funny part of it is that we should feel such fine generous fellows, dash it all, reckless, unselfish, good-natured chaps, that we should expect all our sins to be instantly wiped out and our promise of heaven insured without further parley. Large-hearted dogs—so self-sacrificing.

Restaurant Rolls.

I NEED one of those cool summer drinks after that. Let us repair to that recherche little restaurant round the corner. Ah, there's nothing like iced claret. Have exalted ecstasy.

you noticed with what alacrity the rolls appear on the table? Funny how all begin to eat them, absent-mindedly, before the soup appears. I have seen a eat two rolls before he commenced dinner—which must be no end of a

the management.

There are so many little tricks before one can become a successful restaurateur. Now if I had gone into the business a few weeks ago I should not have known about the rolls. Yet the little device, the outcome of a cardinal of human nature, means hundreds of that business. A roll staves off any loss of appetite, yet the patron has the able feeling that he has been entirely himself.

Yes, a squeeze of lemon and a mint in that claret makes it really. A lump of sugar, too—you are right.

Are Cooks Bumptious?

WHICH reminds me that I met some distinguished and I have made a curious They are all bumptious. There is something about the successful eating which makes the exponent especially accession of power—and in bumptiousness follows as the night to. There is no more arrogant creature than your great chef. As difficult as Caruso, as intractable as hard. The loftier heights in the cooking are only reached by men who are great women cooks and greats. But even the ordinary brand is bumptious. If she is at tent her bumptiousness is all Napoleonic. I know one cook atment who is holding an entire building full of very consequent in abject submission.

It is the same with everyone you noticed how the chap that the best cook in camp always party? As the first halting hising skill become apparent in any individual, you can watch the boy grow up with it. The first time he boiled exactly right and the person discovered how he can repeat the exactitude, the bumptious glitter in his eye.

Bumptiousness is the supreme Shriner.

Who's Who----And Wherfore.

Noted Men and Women of the Southwest.

SOLDIER AND BANKER.

It is easy to recall Rudyard Kipling's stirring lyric about Tommy Atkins in the marine corps, "soldier and sailor." It is not often that one finds a soldier and a banker wrapped up in the same suit of business clothes.

Again this story harks back to that modest chapter in the book of time when "Sarmatia" fell unwept without a strain of sadness in her may be the long- of a vanished hand and that is still." But that feeling only adds to his looks back and thinks those bygone days and other years, as he sees adown of the tree, the meadow, and all those in the past, in his mind's eye of hope he looks into many coming suns of perfect days, and he will bring new companions that are gone, and so seals the wounds made by and he can do more than of man swells with the. He is conscious that for naught, and that he made this world. He looks the hills, but beyond the which hath foundations" will melt into eternity way. There he feels certain touch that vanished hasical sound of that voice and he hopes to rekindle parting is no more in admiration.

The boy began to hustle for himself early in life, for while attending school previous to 1890 he carried a route morning paper every morning wet or dry, hot and cold, windy and still. In the afternoon he carried a daily German paper, the old Sud-California Post, published by that well-known old-timer, Conrad Jacoby. On Saturdays he carried the Sunday World, a society sheet edited by the late E. F. Kubel, another gone over to the great majority with editor of the German paper. In carrying German sheet the boy Wankowski saw some advantages in that he speaks fluently.

Having finished school, he took employment in the office of the Superintendent of Schools, Prof. W. T. Friesner, and remained there for three years. This Gen. Wankowski considers to have been a direct continuation, for he learned more under the superintendent than he had been learning in classes.

In 1893 Robert Wankowski went into the Bank and Trust Company, and remained with that institution for exactly ten years. In 1903 he went into the Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank and stayed until 1910 as cashier. In 1910 he was appointed chief deputy superintendent of the State of California, and held this position until 1911. Then he went to Park Bank as vice-president. This institution was recently purchased by the Bank of San Francisco, and is being operated as the Southern California Bank. But Gen. Wankowski keeps his position and his office under the new organization.

Wankowski is not a carpet knight, he made a curious discovery that he has an absolute right to his title. He joined the National Guard of California as the exponent of the art of command of power—and the longer he was as the night he more arrogant temperament your great chef. He is as inquisitive, as intractable in the reaches of power as the heights reached by men, but the men who made captain of Company A, Seventh Illinois Infantry, United States Volunteers, and remained as such for seven years. If she is at all suspicious, it is all-pervading. She know one cook at the Presidio in San Francisco and holding an entire business mission.

Wankowski is married, his wife being with everyone. His wife is a chap that proves to be a good one. Mrs. Davies, a pioneer lumber man of in camp always houses in Los Angeles.

He is a member of the Jonathan Club, the first halting hints of which are apparent in any kind of organization for an watch the bumptious. The first time the right and the perpetration of the bumptious. He can repeat the fact that he is a member of the Los Angeles Athletic Club and of the Los Angeles Republican Club. In politics Gen. Wankowski is a Scottish Rite Mason, holding the Thirty-second Degree, past commander of Knights Templars, and is also

The man is diligent in his calling, whatever they may be, and has been from a boy, for when only a little lad he was cash boy in the City of Paris dry-goods store conducted by the Stern Bros. and the late Leon Loeb.

An Active Capitalist This.

Albert C. Bilicke is a capitalist of large magnitude, and he keeps his capital moving at a mighty lively rate. Like the citizen whose sketch precedes this, he is of Teutonic origin, having been born in Coos county, Oregon, June 22, 1861, of Carl Gustavus and Caroline Sigismund Bilicke. Mrs. Bilicke was formerly Miss Gladys Huff, and they were married September 10, 1900.

The family moved to San Francisco in 1878, and Mr. Bilicke attended the public schools and Heald's Business College in that city. When 17 years old he went to Arizona and engaged in the hotel business as clerk of the Cosmopolitan Hotel at Florence. Two years later he went to Tombstone as manager of the Cosmopolitan Hotel of that city, and at the age of 21, by his father's appointment, he became superintendent of the San Pedro Consolidated Mining Company.

In 1885 he returned to California, became owner of the Ross House, Modesto. In

1891 he became owner of the Pacific Ocean House, Santa Cruz, and in 1893, coming to Los Angeles, he secured control of the Hollenbeck Hotel. Then he organized the Bilicke-Rowan Fireproof Building Company for the purpose of improving several business sites which he and his associates had shrewdly secured. Notable among these structures is the Hotel Alexandria, erected in 1905 by the Bilicke-Rowan Building Company, and the Bilicke-Rowan Annex, a structure just completed on Broadway behind the Alexandria, which fronts on Spring. The Century Building, Central Fireproof Building and the Chester Fireproof Building companies which have erected the Title Insurance Building, the Security Building and others.

Mr. Bilicke is a member of the Jonathan Club, Los Angeles Country Club, Annadale Golf Club and the Valley Hunt Club of Pasadena; also of the Automobile Club of Southern California. He is a thirty-second-degree Mason, a member of the Southern California Lodge of Sigma Chapter 57, of the Los Angeles Commandery, of the Los Angeles Consistory, and also of the Al Malaikah Temple, Order of the Mystic Shrine.

Still Come the Teutons.

From a dollar a day as a deck hand on a steamer to a business of \$3,000,000 a year is going some, believe me. That is the record of the head of the Hauser Packing Company of Los Angeles.

Julius Hauser was born at Kretzengen in the province of Baden, Germany, January 7, 1847. His wife was Miss Caroline Hargett, whom he married at Sacramento, September 11, 1878. They have five sons and one daughter, and all the sons are with the father in the meat business.

Julius Hauser was educated in the public schools of Germany, finishing at 14 years old. He then spent two more years on the paternal farm, when he was apprenticed to a butcher. At 18 he went to Alsace, and two years later to Zurich, Switzerland, working at the butcher trade all the time. Dissatisfied with conditions in the Old World, he went home to Baden and bade farewell to his parents, and sailed for New York in 1867, when he was 21.

When he arrived in Gotham he had just \$4 in his pocket, and the only job he found was on a coal boat on the Hudson River at a dollar a day. Next he went to work on a farm at \$15 a month, but during that winter he found employment in Poughkeepsie at his trade, where he worked until 1870, then came to California.

He settled at Washington, a little town across the river from Sacramento, and as he was without capital he went to work for a butcher. At the end of eighteen months he bought a shop of his own, and a year afterward he associated himself with his brother Valentine, and they carried on that business for twelve years.

In 1880 Julius Hauser fell sick of typhoid fever and was advised to take a horseback

ride for his health. He rode to Oregon, and there he purchased a thousand head of cattle, which he drove to Rawlins, Wyo., a journey which lasted seven months. He shipped the cattle to Grand Island, Neb., sold them there, and returned to California. He sold the Sacramento business to his brother, and then came to Los Angeles, where he bought a meat market at the corner of First and Main streets. In 1895 he bought the Mott Market, and as the business prospered he moved to larger quarters.

But in 1891 he had opened a little packing-house on West Washington street, which he conducted until 1904, when he incorporated the Hauser Packing Company, taking his five sons into the business. This was the first step toward the erection of the present big plant, completed in 1906 and covering twenty acres of ground. It does an annual business of \$3,000,000, and the products with the Hauser mark upon them are known all over America, through Mexico, England, Japan, Germany, Australia, the Hawaiian Islands, and much of the rest of the world. They are a good deal like the Irishman who was telling about his travels, and the other one said: "Pat, did I understand you to say you had been all over the world?" And the answer came: "No, Mike, but I said I had been all over part of the world."

Julius Hauser is president and active manager of the Hauser Packing Company, E. C. Hauser vice-president, H. J. Hauser secretary, L. A. Hauser treasurer and F. M. Hauser superintendent.

Mr. Hauser is a member of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, American Meat Packers' Association, Chamber of Commerce, Board of Trade, and of the Retailers' and Jobbers' Association. He is a Thirty-second Degree Mason, a Shriner, an Odd Fellow and an Elk.

A Checkered Career Here.

As one goes down Seventh street at the corner of Grand avenue rises an immense steel-frame building in course of construction, and a "shingle" hung out on it bears the legend: "H. D. McCabe, Contractor." If one is up at the county Courthouse he will find an H. D. McCabe a member of the Board of Supervisors.

Mr. McCabe is a Hoosier, having been born in Shelbyville, Ind., December 22, 1866. His wife was Miss May A. Jones, whom he married in 1893. The boy's education was had in the grammar school of his native town, and having finished schooling he learned the carpenter's trade, at which he worked continually from 1885 till 1888. He came to California in 1885, where he went into the lumber business in connection with his trade in Mendocino county. Simultaneously he was employed as station agent for the San Francisco and North Pacific Railroad up in the big woods in Northern California. In 1888 he formed a partnership with his brother as McCabe Brothers, and this lasted until 1891.

He had been in Los Angeles before settling in Mendocino county, and returned here in January, 1895, and engaged in the contracting business, in which he continues at the present time.

In 1908 Mr. McCabe was elected a member of the Board of Supervisors of Los Angeles county. He is also interested in mining, being president of the Metates Mining Company.

Mr. McCabe is a Republican in politics, a member of the Union League Club. He is also a Mason, a Shriner, an Elk and a Forester. The only political office besides Supervisor he has ever held is that of postmaster at Clear Lake, where he was also agent for the Clear Lake and Northern Pacific Stage Company.

An Aspiring Democrat.

In the old days, when Senator Daniel W. Voorhees of Indiana towered up in the legislative halls in Washington and was known as the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash," aspiring Democrats everywhere of elongated stature were also called tall sycamores, and among these was one Thaddeus Wilton Huff Shanahan of Shasta county, California, who was known as the "Tall Sycamore of Shasta." He has been in the thick of Democratic politics ever since, and is now a candidate for almost anything that promises

distinction and emolument. He is probably pretty close to Congressman Raker of his own part of the State, probably also to Congressman Kent, a cross between Roosevelt Republican and Wilson Democrat, and will probably have the support of Franklin K. Lane for anything that is handy.

PACIFIC PERSONALS.

At Klamath Falls a lot of ne'er-contents got a grouch on against Judge W. S. Warren, whom they tried to recall. But the trial was a rank failure, for the judge was re-elected by an immense majority.

At Phoenix, Ariz., the hard-to-satisfy are attempting to recall Judge John C. Phillips of the Superior Court of Maricopa county. He is the only Republican elected in the county at the last election, and probably thereby hangs the tale of the recall.

Jess Turner is an Oregon sheep raiser and about the only consistent Democrat on the tariff ever heard of. He will not sell his wool clip, for which he is offered 16 cents a pound, because he thinks that after the tariff bill is passed wool will be cheaper, and Jess says: "I am a free-trader."

John D. Spreckels (the D. stands for Dierich) is not, as most people suppose, a Californian. He was born at Charleston, S. C., August 16, 1853, educated at Oakland College, Cal., and the Polytechnic School at Hanover, Germany.

Senator Chamberlain of Oregon, a Democrat who owes his office in a Republican State to the vagaries of the primary law, was born at Natchez, Miss., January 1, 1854. His name is George Earl Chamberlain, and he came to Oregon in 1876, where he engaged in the practice of the law.

Hon. William Kent, Congressman from California, has changed his mind as to a navy adequate to the needs of protecting the county. Good. Mr. Kent has some more second guesses coming. "And there are others."

Rev. Dr. Charles Frederick Aked is an Englishman now filling a pulpit in San Francisco, and he has forsaken allegiance to King George V.

Herman W. Craven of Seattle has been appointed a member of the National Civil Service Commission. He is not a Democrat, but a Roosevelt. But then, what's the difference?

John M. Cage, who went down into the depths like Jonah, but not in a whale, at Long Beach, has surely got his name into the pages of history.

At Vancouver, Wash., when a couple sought the services of a clergyman to unite them in marriage, the Rev. Floyd A. Ross was away from home. But his wife very deftly tied the knot, she being a regularly ordained minister.

Mrs. Cora R. Cotterill, wife of the Mayor of Seattle, has accepted service as a juror in the Superior Court for June.

Miss Hallie M. Daggett, daughter of John M. Daggett, has taken service in the Forestry Bureau in the Siskiyou Mountains, 6000 feet above sea level.

Farmer Planting Thistles.

[New York Sun:] While farmers elsewhere are working overtime to kill off and stamp out the Russian thistles, E. O. Stuart, a Grant county farmer, is planting them.

"I made a fair test of the thistles last winter along with kaffir, cane and prairie hay, and I am strong for the thistle for cattle forage," declared Mr. Stuart. "The thistles are cut and fed before they get hard stickers on them, and the cattle like them and do well on them."

Mr. Stuart is preparing acres of land for thistle as a feed crop, disk and cross-harrowing and then sowing the thistle seed.

The Mexican Indian. By Frank G. Carpenter.

Millions in Number. HE FORMS THE PROBLEM OF THE FUTURE REPUBLIC.

A PEOPLE OF MANY RACES AND FIFTY-ONE DIFFERENT LANGUAGES—THE AZTECS IN 1913—AMONG THE ZAPOTECAS, FROM WHOM JUAREZ SPRUNG—INDIANS OF NORTHERN MEXICO WHO LIVED IN CAVERNS—SOME LOOK LIKE CHINESE AND OTHERS LIKE KOREANS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

MEXICO CITY.—The red man is a more serious problem in Mexico than the black man is in the United States. This country has over 15,000,000 people, and of these less than 3,000,000 are whites. There are about 6,000,000 pure Indians and 6,000,000 more who are red men, more or less crossed with the whites.

The pure Indians are practically uneducated, and this is largely so of the mixed breeds. The greater part of them were for years in little more than debt slavery, and today some millions of them are mere hewers of wood and drawers of water on the estates of the rich haciendados. Some work in the towns and others live in villages, maintaining many of the customs of centuries ago.

Within the past few years Frederick Starr has been making studies of the Mexican Indians. He has traveled from here across the country down to Guatemala City, visiting the various tribes and taking measurements of their heads, busts and of other parts of their figures. He has photographed thousands of them and has made plaster casts of many. A part of his travels was through the mountains of southern Mexico, where he found many Indian villages, each village being a little republic. He found many new tribes and also many descendants of the ancient peoples who inhabited Mexico during the days of Montezuma. It is through his researches and those of other ethnologists that the authorities here are studying the great political problems which confront them.

Fifty-one Different Languages.

They now know that there are scores of different Indian tribes in Mexico and that each has its peculiarities. In 1864 one of the chief scientists of the republic, Don Manuel Orozco y Barra, found that there were fifty-one different Indian languages, and, in addition, about sixty-nine dialects. He divided these languages into eleven different families, and it was later shown that nearly all of these Indians had used ideographs and employed them in communicating thought.

One of the best known of the Indian races is the Aztecs. It was the ruling race at the time Cortez came and there are millions of it on the plateau today. The Aztec civilization has been so pictured by Prescott that many think that it is about the only race of Indians in Mexico. The truth is that the Aztecs got the most of their civilization from the Toltecs, whom they conquered when they came here from the north.

They got their religion from them, and also their calendar and architecture. The Toltecs built the Pyramids of Mexico, and either they or a branch of this race, known as the Mayans, constructed the wonderful cities of Yucatan and those of Guatemala as well. I have already written of the ruins of Quirigua in the Motagua Valley, not far from the Caribbean Sea in Guatemala, which our archeologists are now excavating. They are the remains of temples built by the Mayans, who are supposed to have gone there from Mexico centuries ago.

The Aztecs called themselves Mexicans, and it is from them that we get the name Mexico. Their descendants are numerous today, but are largely peons who work for the whites. It is from them that the rank and file of the soldiers are recruited.

The Mixtecas and Zapotecas.

Among the other Indians who have to be reckoned with, in the Mexico to come, are the Zapotecas and the Mixtecas. Both of these races are noted for their intelligence, and they have already given Mexico some of its ablest men. Benito Juarez, for years the President of the republic, was a full-blooded Zapoteca, and President Porfirio Diaz has Mixteca blood in his veins. These tribes are now found on the southern slopes of the central plateaus. You may see them in Pueblo, Oaxaca, Guerrero and Morelos. It is said that their ancestors



Indians from Veracruz. A red-faced child of the cactus. Girl of Tehuantepec in church costume.

date back to the time when Mitla, Zochicalco and Zaachila were built. The Zapotecas were never subdued by the Aztecs, and they are now growing in independence right along. There are a great many of them in Oaxaca, a State whose population is fully nine-tenths Indian. Some are to be found on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, where the women are noted for their picturesqueness and for their independent ways.

The Girls of Tehuantepec.

Indeed, the girls of Tehuantepec are among the beauties of the North American continent. They are as straight as a royal palm tree and their forms are beautifully rounded. They have olive skins, black hair and eyes and teeth as white as lime freshly slaked. Their ordinary costume is a jacket and skirt, the former having short sleeves and cut very low at the neck, so that it exposes their beautiful shoulders and arms. The jacket reaches almost to the waist and a strip of bare skin usually shows between it and the skirt.

The skirt makes one think of that of the Burmans. It consists of a strip of red cloth several yards long. This is wrapped tightly around the hips and tucked in at the waist. In addition to this every woman has a huipil for Sundays and feast days. The huipil is a lace decoration of enormous size, which is worn as a sort of headdress. It incloses the face or it may extend around the neck or hang down from the head at the back like the war plumes of a Comanche chief. On dress occasions the girls wear also full skirts, which are often heavily embroidered with lace.

These women do much of the work. They are thrifty and accumulative. They are fond of gold jewelry and like especially ornaments made of American \$20 gold pieces. Girls may be frequently seen thus wearing a small fortune in gold double eagles, although their feet may be bare.

The Ruins of Mitla.

The most famous ruins of this tribe lie within twenty-five miles to the southeast of Oaxaca City. They are about 300 miles south of the Mexican capital and one can go there by train in less than a day. There are fairly good hotels at Oaxaca, and from there one can reach the ruins by carriage in five or six hours. Or he can go by train to San Pablo in an hour and a half and stop at the hotel there. In the latter case he will be right at the ruins and can easily spend a day or so in moving about through them.

The ruins are those of the ancient city of Mitla. They are of great extent, and the Indians say that under them lie the chambers wherein are stored the treasures of the ancient Zapoteca kings. Some of the ruins are striking. The Hall of the Monoliths, for instance, has walls five feet thick and columns of enormous size. The lintels over the entrances are solid blocks of stone eighteen feet long, four feet high and five feet thick, and the pillars are porphyry, rising fourteen feet from the floor and extending, it is said, six feet below it. They are as big around as a whisky barrel.

Next this is the Salón of the Monoliths, which is 100 feet long and twenty feet wide. Its walls are ten feet in height, and it has



Young Aztecs.

a floor of cement. The decorations of Mitla make you think of Pompeii. Some of the floors are in mosaics, and many of the structures are wonderfully carved, reminding one of the crumbling temples and fort at Delhi in India.

Strange Indians of Northern Mexico.

Some of the most interesting of the Mexican tribes live in the northern part of the country. Chihuahua has, for instance, the Casas Grandes, which lie near the railroad on the way from Juarez to Terrazas. These Casas correspond somewhat to the homes of our cave dwellers, save that they were built on the level and were of vast extent. They were, in short, the first apartment-houses on record. The chief building is 300 feet long from north to south, and 200 feet wide from west to east, covering an area of almost five acres. It seems to have consisted of three separate piles, united to lower buildings. The apartments varied in size, and the walls in places were forty or fifty feet high, indicating that the building had six or seven stories. These buildings were in ruins at the time of the Spanish conquest, and very little is known of the people who built them, although some suppose them to date back to the Moquis.

Some Cave Dwellers of Mexico.

In Chihuahua we have the Tarahumares Indians, some of whom still live in caves, and who are sometimes known as the American cave dwellers. Similar homes are to be found in the Sierra Madre Mountains, the entrances being protected against the weather and wild beasts by stone or mud walls. Some of the caves are very large, and are reached by ladders, or by stairways cut out inside the house. Others of the houses are of stone, and some are of adobe, with roofs of thatch.

The Tarahumares, both women and men, are noted for their long, flowing, jet-black hair. The men pull out all the hairs from their faces. They say that whiskers are a sign of wickedness, and they believe that the devil has always a beard. These people are said to be the greatest runners on

record, and instances are known of men who have run 170 miles without stopping. They go on a slow trot, and keep it up for hours. The women can run as fast as the men, and both men and women have moonlight races and other sports. They sometimes race by teams.

The Pima Indians, who are found in the same locality, are much like the Tarahumares and the Tepehuanes. A tribe near by let their finger and toe grow, in Chinese fashion. They say that cutting off the nails will produce blood, and that if a girl sucks the backbone of a deer her back will grow curved and will have the backache. These tribes are noted for their chastity, those who have lost it being publicly switched.

The Huicholes of Tepic.

Among the least-known Indians of Mexico are some in the Territory of Nayarit, which lies on the west coast, bounded by Jalisco, Durango and Sinaloa. Here the Huicholes, whom the Mexicans call barbarians. They have little to do with the present troubles, and do not want to be let alone. They have homes in the fastnesses of the mountains and are so warlike that it was a long time before the Spaniards were able to conquer them. They are nominally converted to Christianity, but they are really barbarians and are said to be savages. Many of them are hunters, and they deer in nets stretched between poles.

Some of the Huicholes look like the Chinese, and this reminds one to have seen many Japanese and Chinese among the Mexican Indians. It is said that a part of the ancient population of Mexico came over from Asia across Bering Strait and came down here through our country. The Huicholes have a wicker chair which is like the Chinese cane chair now in use. They employ it in their religious ceremonies. It may be that the custom of wearing long nails which I have mentioned is also from China.

The Huicholes are about five and

Illustration

feet high, and looking like a woman. The skirt is caught in the loom. The girdle is costly than a woman's beads in the world.

The Huicholes are in one room, and like that of the Indians are circular with thatched caves in the hills. These people and they do many queer things by the parents, but they crawl like monkeys until

Not far from here of whom only Indians claim to have features and they resemble the other tribes.

The Coras

THE F

FORMERLY Fern Kentuck importance, served by parades dinner under spilt night, but changing and customs were for the dark cloaked and brother in dead.

The three years and friends, and respected, was by many in the were divided, while others espouse South.

Rarely were the Stars and Bars of the Federal led our section.

On the morning family was seated, I casually Fourth, but no flag.

"Over this house claiming the Day

The emphatic attitude of mother. We looked up in him, laying down forward and asking this house today?

Mother smilingly.

"But we have no mother.

"We will make mother.

"Where will we ask.

"We may find hopefully respond.

"I disliked to say mother was so homely encountered were to take the silk lining for the red, satin sash I thought and Sister Mollie, her wedding dress is no material for

The determined yield to discourage her son said: "Su in your store that pose."

"The last raid on my store of all made William.

"There are other mother.

"Yes, but they were in almost the same place replied William.

"You need in one of Catching at this instant Anna and me expedition, and after we ascertained

material, but no big only a dark shade of mother decided wou

of Tehuantepec in
Huichol costume.

and instances are known of when we run 170 miles without stopping on a slow trot, and keep it up for the women can run as fast and as the men, and both men and women conlight races and other athletic. They sometimes race by torchlight. Pima Indians, who are found in the locality, are much like the Tarahumara and the Tepehuanes. Another ear by let their finger and toe nail in Chinese fashion. They say that off the nails will produce blindness, if a girl sucks the backbone of her back will grow curved and she have the backache. These tribes are for their chastity, those who do grace being publicly switched.

Huicholes of Tepic.

ong the least-known Indians of Mexico some in the Territory of Tepic lies on the west coast, surrounded by Durango and Sinaloa. Here the Huicholes, whom the Mexicans call Indians. They have little to do with present troubles, and do not want to be let alone. They have been so warlike that it was a hundred before the Spaniards were able to subdue them. They are nominally converted to Christianity, but they are barbarians and are said to be Christians only when favors are to be obtained. They are hunters, and they are in nets stretched between poles. The Huicholes look much like Chinese, and this reminds me that there are many Japanese and Chinese among the Mexican Indians. It may be a part of the ancient population driven from Asia across Bering Strait, down here through our country. The poles have a wicker chair which the Chinese cane chair now in use. They employ it in their religious ceremonies. It may be that the custom of long nails which I have mentioned from China. The Huicholes are about five and

not high, and their women are very good-looking. They wear short skirts and tunics of cotton cloth which they weave upon their own looms. The legs are left bare and the skirt is caught in at the waist by a girdle. The girdle, like the obi of Japan, is more sturdy than any other part of the dress. The women wear necklaces, and they have beads in their ears.

The Huicholes houses each contain but one room, and the entrance is low and small like that of the Eskimo igloo. The houses are circular and they are made of stone with thatched roofs. The idols are kept in caves in the hills.

These people make beautiful blankets and they do fine embroidery. They have many queer customs. Marriages are made by the parents. The babies do not creep, but they crawl about on all fours like a monkey until they are able to stand.

Not far from the Huicholes live the Coras, of whom only about 2500 remain. These Indians claim to have come from the east and they look not unlike Koreans. They have features much like the Anglo-Saxons, and they consider themselves better than the other tribes about.

The Coras marry at 15 and the women

keep their beauty a long time, although their lives are very unsanitary. Their houses have no ventilation and they bury their dead in caves.

Among the Tarascans.

Frederick Starr estimates that there are still a quarter of a million of pure Tarascan Indians in Mexico. Many of these people are found about Lake Patzcuaro, in the State of Michoacan, where was once situated Tzintzunzoon, a great Tarascan city. The name sounds like Chinese. This town was visited by the Spaniards in 1522, and they wrote of its civilizations and arts. They told of the wonderful feather work, for which the people are noted today; of their mother-of-pearl and bone carvings, and of their skill in enameling.

Here we again see a similarity between the Mexican Indian and the Chinese. In southern China is produced a kind of bird-wing enamel in which the wings of the blue-jay and humming bird are employed. The Tarascans do much the same work, getting their materials from the humming birds of Mexico, of which there are fifty different kinds, having feathers of every shape and

color, running from sea green to emerald and from straw color to a fiery red.

The Tarascans have a tradition which corresponds to our deluge. Their Noah was called Tespi, and when the floods came he made a great boat and filled it with animals and birds. As the waters subsided he sent forth a vulture, but it remained away, feeding on the dead bodies which then covered the highlands. Finally a humming bird was sent forth, and it came back with a leaf in its mouth.

I am told that most of the Tarascans still worship idols, and that every farmer has one buried in each field, with the idea that it will keep the birds and other thieves away from the crops. Others of the Indians are Catholics, and they make long pilgrimages to the various shrines. Many of them come to Guadalupe to worship. According to their old religion they prayed to the southern cross, and looked upon the sun as their father. Today they object to doing business after sunset and are terrified at the time of an eclipse, which, they say, will give one the hare lip.

The Tarascans believe in the evil eye, and they carry charms to ward off its effects. They do not like to be photo-

graphed, and would rather have strangers say evil things about their children than good things. The same is true of some of the people of Palestine.

Queer Customs of Love and Marriage.

I hear strange stories about the marriage customs of these Indians. They are said to believe in love charms, and think the dried little finger of a dead man will surely bring luck. It takes the place of the rabbit foot of the South. Near Lake Patzcuaro the chief place of courtship is at the spring, and the lover watches for his sweetheart to go there to bring water. When he sees her he catches hold of her rebosa or shawl, and refuses to let go until she says yes. If she does so, he smashes the jar of water which she has on her head, so that it falls over her, and her girl friends thereupon give her a new jar with which she can carry the water home. The next day the man takes a load of wood to the door of his sweetheart's home, and if this is accepted the match is complete. She then comes to his house, and he gives her a bouquet of yellow flowers, which color is supposed to bring luck.

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A Woman Who Stood by Old Glory.

By Ada Henry Van Pelt.

THE FOURTH IN '63.

FORMERLY the Fourth of July in Southern Kentucky was a day of pronounced importance, and was patriotically observed by parades, speaking, a barbecue under spreading trees and a ball at night, but changes had come, old manners and customs were interrupted or abolished, in the dark cloud of war hung over the land and brother was arrayed against brother in deadly conflict.

The three years' strife separated family and friends, and the flag, once so loved and respected, was looked upon with disfavor by many in the community, where opinions were divided, some favoring the North and others espoused the cause of the South.

Mostly were the Stars and Stripes or the Bars and Bars seen except when portions of the Federal or Confederate armies visited our section of the State.

In the morning of July 4, 1863, as our family was seated around the breakfast table, I casually remarked: "This is the fourth, but no flag will be seen today."

"Over this house a flag shall wave proclaiming the Day of Independence."

The emphatic tone and almost defiant attitude of mother attracted our attention. We looked up in surprise, and brother William, laying down his knife and fork, leaned forward and asked: "A flag to float over this house today?"

Mother smilingly bowed her head in assent.

"But we have no flag," said Anna.

"We will make one," reassuringly stated mother.

"Where will we get the material?" I asked.

"We may find some about the house," hopefully responded mother.

"I disliked to speak discouragingly when mother was so hopeful, but past difficulties encountered were fresh in memory, so I returned to say: 'Don't you remember, mother dear, the last flag we made we had to take the silk lining out of the parlor curtains for the red, and I surrendered my silk sack I thought so much of for the blue, and Sister Mollie, after many tears, gave up her wedding dress for the white, so there is no material for another flag."

The determined little woman would not yield to discouragements, and turning to her son said: "Surely there is something in your store that would answer our purpose."

"The last raid of the guerrillas emptied my store of all merchandise," regretfully admitted William.

"There are other stores," persisted mother.

"Yes, but they were left by the marauders in almost the same condition as mine," replied William. "Yet you may find what we need in one of them."

Catching at this straw of hope, mother and Anna and me uptown on a searching expedition, and after making a tour of the stores we ascertained we could get the white material, but no blue was to be had, and only a dark shade of red was found. This mother decided would answer the purpose.

but where to obtain the blue was the puzzling question.

We mutely looked at each other for a suggestion. The ever-resourceful attic had been searched through for like emergencies, but no other place held a hope, so off I hastened to where the accumulation of years was stored.

It was a vain search through boxes, drawers and chests, and as I turned to leave my attention was attracted by the glimmer of tacks on an old leather trunk shoved far back under the rafters. Drawing it out, the contents were quickly emptied on the floor and, to my great delight, a package of old letters rolled out wrapped in a piece of blue cambric. It mattered not if it was old and thin and of cotton, it had the much-desired color. I hurried down to cheer the hearts of the others, and as mother saw me waving the bit of azure above my head, she exclaimed with joy: "The flag will be seen today! The flag will be seen today!"

Rapidly did we work forming the banner into right proportions. By hand two sewed on the stars while another sat at the machine joining the long stripes.

Mammy came in and, after watching us

for a while, with somewhat of disgust in her tone, said: "It peers to me, in making dat flag you is more for swiftie dan nicely." Mammy's judgment proved to be correct, for when the flag was completed, on shaking it out, off flew one of the stars.

"We cannot spare a single one of those precious stars!" exclaimed mother as she captured the flying star and stitched it on again.

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As she sat beneath the new-made flag and looked down upon the passers-by she could

see on some faces expressions of joy and on others signs of disapproval. Two children passing by gazed up at the flag and were awestruck. They spoke in undertones, commenting upon it, for to them the flag was associated with bloodshed and death. They were surprised to hear some neighbors speak encouragingly to mother and cheer for the Stars and Stripes.

A veteran of the War of 1812 came slowly limping by on crutches and, catching sight

of the flag, halted and saluted, as the tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks. He pointed to his empty sleeve and in broken tones said: "I lost that arm in your defense, old flag, and gladly would I give my life today if I could again fight for you!"

With a scowling brow Bart Bailey stopped at the gate a moment later, gazed at the flag, then passed on. Soon he returned with a companion and there were muttered threats and expressions of disapproval.

Mr. Bailey's sympathies were with the South, yet he lacked the courage to join the army and fight for her cause. He was a disturbing element in the community and professed hatred for everyone in sympathy with the Union.

Soon small bands of threatening men began to gather, and Brother William, thinking there might be trouble, accepted the offer of friends to assist in defending the house, and these men were stationed at advantageous positions in the lower rooms and hall.

Seeing Uncle Roll, one of the most trusted of the family servants, slipping through the upper hall with an ax concealed under his coat, I asked: "Why are you here, Uncle Roll?"

With an assumed air of indifference he replied: "Oh, I'se jist a-looking about."

"What are you going to do with that ax?" I demanded.

He looked confused at being detected, then straightening up and with flashing eyes, he admitted: "I'se gwine ter stan' by my ole missus, an' ef anybody dar's to speak a' dismiserable word to her, or ter tech dat flag, I'se gwine ter smash 'em into kingdom kum."

"Mother is in no danger," I urged. "Brother William and friends are on the watch, and they will not let anyone enter the house, so go back to your cabin and all will be well."

"I can't leave my ole missus when dat low-down, honory Bailey am out dar hatchin' up trouble," pleaded the old man. "Fore ole marsha went away he say: 'Roll, I want you to take good car' ob de family, and I—I would die fore I would dis'be'y my marsha, after he trusted me."

The faithful old creature seemed so distressed at the thought of being sent away that I could not have the heart to insist on his leaving.

Loud talking on the outside attracted our attention, and on looking out I saw Mr. Bailey and a crowd of men on the corner just beyond our grounds. Emboldened by the presence of others, Mr. Bailey was making an inflammatory speech and, shaking his fist at the flag, he declared: "It is an insult to see it on our streets."

Cries of "Pull it down!" "Shoot it down!" were heard. Men congregated across the street and waited to see what the outcome would be. Each moment the situation grew more intense.

Brother William went up to see mother and ask if she did not think it wise to come indoors. With firmness she replied: "I shall not leave this spot. No one will harm me or dare to touch that flag."

This little woman was the only calm, un-

disturbed person in this setting of excitement and strife. Serenely she sat knitting as if all the world was at peace and love reigned supreme.

The crowd at the corner grew impatient and sent two of their number to demand the lowering of the flag. Mother heard the demand and, leaning over the railing said in earnest, decided tones: "Gentlemen, you can return to your comrades and say to them that this flag was not made to be lowered and that it will float as long as there is a stripe to wave or a star to shine."

When this message was delivered, the men interpreted it as of defiance, and it increased their determination to tear down the flag.

Mr. Bailey, stepping out in front of the excited men, exclaimed: "The time for action has come!" and gave the command: "Attention! Forward! March!"

Down the street came the angry mob in double-quick time, whooping and yelling. Hardly had they reached the front gate when someone called out: "The Bluecoats are coming!"

In wild confusion Bailey and his men scattered in every direction, followed by the laughter and jeers of the crowd across the way. Down the road we could see coming through a thin cloud of dust the blue uniforms of the Federals.

With the rhythmic tread of the trained soldier on marched the men of the Forty-eighth Kentucky Regiment, commanded by Col. Birge. As they drew near enough to catch glimpses of the flag through the branches of the trees and mother seated beneath it, a new spirit seemed to enthuse the men, as their forms became more erect and their steps firmer. The bugle sounded, the men halted and were lined up in front of the house. Col. Birge dismounted and, stepping to the sidewalk, faced his men and proposed: "Three cheers for the lady and the flag." With heartiness and vim the men responded, waving their hats high in the air.

Mother, with the quiet dignity so characteristic of the southern lady, bowed her acknowledgements, while the regimental band played "The Star Spangled Banner."

The flag mentioned in the foregoing article has been raised over the old Kentucky home, where it was made, every Fourth of July since the Civil War. It is kept in the possession of the author, Mrs. Ada Henry Van Pelt, except at this season every year, when she sends it to her brother, William Henry, to be unfurled at the old homestead, where he still lives. Mrs. Van Pelt has lived in Los Angeles for seven years.—[Ed.]

Chinese Cooking Methods.

[Consular Trade Reports:] The Chinese use very primitive cooking apparatus. The little open-air eating-houses found everywhere along the streets of the native city and along the wharves have the simplest kind of a furnace supporting a kettle. Chinese cooking is either stewing or boiling, and this kettle answers all possible purposes. In the Chinese houses a very thin cast-iron kettle is placed over the fire and everything which the family eats is cooked therein.

The Nation's Ultimatum. By Edgar White.

A REAL DIPLOMAT.

"NO, GENTLEMEN, I prefer that my daughter be left off the programme, if that is the part you want her to take. It's a custom that has almost degenerated into a joke—getting a girl to recite the Declaration of Independence. Why, they've been doing it ever since I was a boy. Think up something new, for goodness' sake!"

"We thought it very appropriate for our Fourth of July celebration," returned Joseph Compton, an old merchant, who was the chairman of the committee. "Of course there will be other features."

"I sincerely hope so!" exclaimed Philip Guthrie, division superintendent for the Midland Valley Railroad, who was seated in his office in the second story of the depot at Beverly. Guthrie was a man slightly past middle age, yet large and still vigorous. He was a man of kindly disposition, but a strict disciplinarian and with a life philosophy dug out of the best school on earth—that of hard knocks and antagonistic forces. From the bottom he had climbed to the swivel chair because he had set out to do it. Naturally he had a fair share of self-confidence. He believed that every man ought to have an opinion and not be afraid to express it on any occasion. There was more than a touch of sarcasm in his rejoinder to the committeeman, who colored slightly.

"I don't understand how anyone could object to the most important document our statesmen ever gave utterance to," observed Mr. Compton.

"I'm not objecting to it," retorted the big railroad man, as he pounded with his fist on the desk. "It's good stuff—patriotic and all that, but if I let Grace get up there and droon through it half the people would keep on talking and the balance would look bored and walk away. She would feel like a dunce. I don't object to the Declaration, Compton, but it's the everlasting repetition of it at Fourth of July celebrations that's made the thing seem ridiculous. 'Beyond the Alps Lies Italy' was good a hundred years ago or so, but if my daughter would undertake to speak it now I'd think she was a goose. Let's be more up-to-date. Get up a good baseball game, turn the Glee Club loose, and let young Jenkins, the lawyer, spout about the Japanese situation. That'll get 'em!"

"Perhaps you are right," remarked Compton as the committee turned to leave. "There's a difference in people now from what they used to be."

"Sure there is!" approved Guthrie; "new things are happening all the time and we must keep up with the procession. Good-by."

The superintendent turned back to his desk and was soon absorbed in the many cares that come to a man who aids in guiding the destinies of a great railroad system. But as he was walking home that evening his interview with the Fourth of July committee recurred to him, and he smiled. He was so pleased with the outcome that when he met his wife he instantly began telling her about it.

"The old fossils wanted our Grace to get up there and make a monkey of herself by reciting the Declaration of Independence. I could imagine the crowd snoring when she started in the old song, 'When, in the course of human events,' and so forth and so on."

Mrs. Guthrie eyed her husband curiously a moment and then handed him a letter. He took it quickly.

"From the boy?" he inquired as he eagerly opened the pages. "When did it come?"

"The postman brought it this afternoon," the wife replied. "I called to you soon as I finished reading it, but your telephone was too long."

"At 9 we were marched out in the court and stood against a stone wall. Then a file of soldiers came out. I thought of the pictures I had seen of executions, and how true to life they were. On one side were the officers with their swords and gold tassels, and quite a number of privates. Peering through the bars of the gloomy old dungeon were the prisoners, many of whom were also under sentence of death.

"Emile and I had shaken hands and bade each other good-by, and the officer in charge of the firing squad had given the first order to his men when a gold-laced chap rushed frantically into the courtyard, waving his plumed hat and shouting like he was crazy. The captain of the squad directed his men to ground arms and motioned us to accom-

sents overthrew the government. The new President, a good warrior, but uneducated, thought the best way to strengthen his administration was by killing off all his enemies. Military executions occurred daily. One day a company of troopers found us at work in the mountains. The captain saw our maps, and decided we were spies in the pay of the party that formerly controlled the government. We were taken to the capital city, and arraigned before the President, a large, heavily-whiskered man, who ruled with a despotism no king in a civilized land would dare to attempt. Although Emile and I can talk the language fairly well, we could not make this half-savage man understand we were simply civil engineers, and that our maps were necessary for our people to properly locate their holdings. He insisted if we were really miners all we need do was to dig holes in the ground, or tunnels in the mountains, to find what we wanted; the maps and drawings could only mean that we were showing the way for the enemy to mass troops and fortify. Consequently, we were nothing but spies, and should be treated as such.

"While the President did us the honor to summon a few officers and go through the form of a trial, he dominated the whole proceedings and indicated to his 'court' that he wanted us found guilty, and sentenced to be shot. Human life is pretty cheap down there, and the execution of a dozen or so men on very flimsy grounds excites hardly any comment. Of course we demanded time until our government could be heard from. The President asked us what our government was, and when we told him of its size and importance he only laughed and said he guessed it wouldn't worry about a couple of citizens that far from home.

"It happened that at this time there was an American yacht in the harbor. On board it were Robert Bascomb of New Orleans and some friends. I want you to remember this man's name. But for him your son would not be writing you this letter today. Before I had ever met him, Mr. Bascomb learned of our so-called trial and sentence, and immediately went to President Callejas in hot protest, which was only availing in that the despotic ruler agreed to put the execution off for a week. Then Mr. Bascomb got in the prison to see us. He didn't tell us at that time that he was a big railroad and mining man, but we learned it afterward.

"Keep a stiff upper lip, boys," he told us, "and I'll see if anything can be done. Maybe I can get a wire through to Washington, and they'll do something. In the meantime, I'll see if I can't find some influential man along the coast who will help us out. Just you be good and quiet, and I'll do everything I can."

"You can imagine how grateful we felt at this interest by a stranger. If you had been here yourself, dad, you couldn't have taken hold any better than he did. I want you to meet him some time. You and mother want to take your next vacation by way of New Orleans, and he will give you the time of your lives in his big yacht, and in showing you about this interesting city."

"Well, we heard not another word from our friend until the morning of the tenth day, the day that was to be our last on earth. Directly after breakfast a man in gold lace and brass buttons came into our dungeon, and by the light of a candle in his hand read our death warrant, which recited that we were to be shot as spies, and for treason against the republic and a lot of other things. When I see you I will go into greater detail about what happened the night before, but I must hurry along with the main points, or this letter will be too long."

"At 9 we were marched out in the court and stood against a stone wall. Then a file of soldiers came out. I thought of the pictures I had seen of executions, and how true to life they were. On one side were the officers with their swords and gold tassels, and quite a number of privates. Peering through the bars of the gloomy old dungeon were the prisoners, many of whom were also under sentence of death.

"Emile and I had shaken hands and bade each other good-by, and the officer in charge of the firing squad had given the first order to his men when a gold-laced chap rushed frantically into the courtyard, waving his plumed hat and shouting like he was crazy. The captain of the squad directed his men to ground arms and motioned us to accom-

pany him. We trailed along behind the gold-laced chap, who kept on a torrent of talk as if something terrible had happened, or was about to happen. Our leader led us through dark corridors and all sorts of queer stone entryways and under ancient arches until at last we entered a big building, ascended a broad flight of stairs and were shown into a room where Callejas and several of his officers were seated at a long table. In front of the table was our loyal friend, Mr. Bascomb, and a man whom we had never seen before and yet whom we seemed to have known always. He belonged to that stalwart breed known as the American-Irish, and looked for all the world like Tim Cadogan, who used to be boss of your wrecker crew, dad. He was, if anything, a little bigger than Tim, and he carried such an air of authority about him that Emile and I felt safe the moment we laid our eyes on him. He didn't seem a bit afraid. On the contrary, he looked like a man who had come to chastise a lot of bad boys. And the decorations he wore would have made you laugh, if the occasion had not been so serious. He had insignia showing him to be a member of the Loyal Irish Knights, and although he certainly wasn't more than a baby when the Civil War was on, he wore a rosette over a G.A.R. badge, a shield attaching badge that showed he also belonged to the Confederate Veterans Association and some five or six others. I can't remember them all. His name, quite naturally, was Tom Murphy.

"Mr. Murphy didn't waste any time. In a forcible mixture of Spanish and English he informed President Callejas that he was there as the representative of the United States government, to present the ultimatum of the Federal authorities at Washington concerning two prisoners unlawfully detained by the Central American republic, to wit: Senor George Guthrie and Senor Emile Le Prohon, civil engineers.

"Then he advanced until he could almost touch the President, who also wore a great bunch of badges and decorations, and unrolling something as big as a map of our country, began in thunderous tones, and with much striking of his big fist on the table to read—you will never guess what! It was the Declaration of Independence! I hadn't heard it read since I was a schoolboy, but it all came back to me, and in the fix we were in tell you it sounded good. It was a large facsimile copy of the Declaration for which Mr. Murphy would have given with the last drop of his blood.

"Mr. Murphy, like you, dad, was a man of resources, as you will guess by what I have already written. He had been a roader, had bossed construction gangs over the South, built bridges across mountain torrents, blasted rock and dynamited pile-driver crews. He reasoned an absolutely genuine United States document of '76 would be just as effective as the sort of people he had to deal as something enacted a hundred years ago. The decorations he wore were some he had in his trunk and others he had scraped from friends on short notice. They meant, of course, to give color to his official representations, and were better evidence than a whole file of letters signed by officers of the government would have been. I think when the United States commissioners know Mr. Murphy right they will give him some important diplomatic position to need him in their business."

"President Callejas delivered a found apology to our spokesman; still he would be only too happy to turn us in if that it was all a mistake, anything hoped it would not cause any estrangement between our country and his, and on inviting the entire American party to luncheon with him.

"We came north on Mr. Bascomb's orders. A military guard of honor accompanied to the docks. On the way up I began to read Mr. Murphy his Declaration, and he let me have it. I am sending it to my mother, because I know you will value it for the part it played in saving your life."

Guthrie sat in a meditative mood for a few moments after he had finished the letter. Then he walked over to his desk where the telephone was.

"Is this you, Compton?" he asked. "This is Guthrie. About that little knowledge in their possession rejoined the other side of the river. Then the great race began. Hooker moved on to Massassass, while his keen eye into the Shenandoah. Stuart was assigned to protect the flank of the army, keeping a vigilant watch over the enemy."

"Don't Hunt for Trouble. Don't hunt after trouble, but look for success; You'll find what you look for; don't let fortune be with you who were sent to fight."

If you see but your shadow, remember to pray, That the sun is still shining, but the way.

Don't grumble, don't bluster, don't complain made by these men who resulted in the disorganization of the army in the Shenandoah.

Don't think of your worries, but be ready to cross the Potomac. The worries will vanish, the work done;

No man sees the shadow who faces the sun. Gen. Halleck, the man who was given a new command, turned to the breaking point.

consummate piece of nerve, such a marvelous piece of strategy carried out by a born actor, that the sheer audacity of it equalled the astute Mr. Murphy to get away with it. But had there been in Callejas's crowd but one man who understood what Mr. Murphy was really doing to them, our lives would not have been worth two pina. I was informed later by Mr. Bascomb that there was an officer on the President's staff who might have caused trouble had he been present, but a little entertainment was arranged for him on the yacht, and when he returned to the city the order for our release had been signed.

"Mr. Bascomb told me he had first tried to get in telegraphic communication with Washington, but could not in time to do any good. Then he had sailed from place to place along the coast hunting some man of influence, but the people who might have helped seemed to be back in the country on a visit, or out of town on business. Things began to look desperate, but Mr. Bascomb never let the steam go down in his yacht day or night. The engineer and fireman told me he just kept them working all the time. Finally, but two days before the time appointed for us to die, Mr. Bascomb found his old friend Thomas Murphy at Belize. At one time Mr. Murphy had been the representative of the United States in a Central American republic. While holding down that job, an official at Washington, knowing Mr. Murphy's hereditary sympathy to King George III, had sent him a large facsimile copy of the Declaration for which Mr. Murphy would have given with the last drop of his blood.

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"Early in June, the army was moving toward the South, built bridges across mountain torrents, blasted rock and dynamited pile-driver crews. He reasoned an absolutely genuine United States document of '76 would be just as effective as the sort of people he had to deal as something enacted a hundred years ago. The decorations he wore were some he had in his trunk and others he had scraped from friends on short notice. They meant, of course, to give color to his official representations, and were better evidence than a whole file of letters signed by officers of the government would have been. I think when the United States commissioners know Mr. Murphy right they will give him some important diplomatic position to need him in their business."

"President Callejas delivered a found apology to our spokesman; still he would be only too happy to turn us in if that it was all a mistake, anything hoped it would not cause any estrangement between our country and his, and on inviting the entire American party to luncheon with him.

"We came north on Mr. Bascomb's orders. A military guard of honor accompanied to the docks. On the way up I began to read Mr. Murphy his Declaration, and he let me have it. I am sending it to my mother, because I know you will value it for the part it played in saving your life."

Guthrie sat in a meditative mood for a few moments after he had finished the letter. Then he walked over to his desk where the telephone was.

"Is this you, Compton?" he asked. "This is Guthrie. About that little knowledge in their possession rejoined the other side of the river. Then the great race began. Hooker moved on to Massassass, while his keen eye into the Shenandoah. Stuart was assigned to protect the flank of the army, keeping a vigilant watch over the enemy."

"Don't Hunt for Trouble. Don't hunt after trouble, but look for success; You'll find what you look for; don't let fortune be with you who were sent to fight."

If you see but your shadow, remember to pray, That the sun is still shining, but the way.

Don't grumble, don't bluster, don't complain made by these men who resulted in the disorganization of the army in the Shenandoah.

Don't think of your worries, but be ready to cross the Potomac. The worries will vanish, the work done;

No man sees the shadow who faces the sun. Gen. Halleck, the man who was given a new command, turned to the breaking point.

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The Battle of Gettysburg. By George H. Picard.

How It Was Fought.

THE BLOODY CONFLICT OF CIVIL WAR.

A sumptuous piece of nerve, such a marvel of strategy carried out by a born tactician, that the sheer audacity of it enabled Mr. Murphy to get away with it. It had been in Callejas's crowd just the man who understood what Mr. Murphy was really doing to them, our lives would not have been worth two pence. I was informed later by Mr. Bascomb that there was an officer on the President's staff who might have caused trouble had he been present, but a little entertainment was arranged for him on the yacht, and when he returned to the city the order for our release had been signed.

"Mr. Bascomb told me he had first tried to get in telegraphic communication with Washington, but could not in time to do us any good. Then he had sailed from place to place along the coast hunting some man of influence, but the people who might have helped seemed to be back in the country on a visit, or out of town on business. Things began to look desperate, but Mr. Bascomb never let the steam go down in his yacht, day or night. The engineer and firemen told me he just kept them working all the time. Finally, but two days before the time appointed for us to die, Mr. Bascomb found his old friend Thomas Murphy at Belize. At one time Mr. Murphy had been the representative of the United States to the Central American republic. While holding down that job, an official at Washington, knowing Mr. Murphy's hereditary antipathy to King George III, had sent him a large facsimile copy of the Declaration, for which Mr. Murphy would have fought with the last drop of his blood.

"Mr. Murphy, like you, dad, was a man of resources, as you will guess by what I have already written. He had been a railroader, had bossed construction gangs all over the South, built bridges across deep mountain torrents, blasted rock and hewed pile-driver crews. He reasoned that an absolutely genuine United States document of '76 would be just as effective with the sort of people he had to deal as something enacted a hundred years or so later. The decorations he wore were some he had in his trunk and others he had scraped up from friends on short notice. They were meant, of course, to give color to his official representations, and were better evidence than a whole file of letters signed by officers of the government would have been. I think when the United States comes to know Mr. Murphy right they will give him some important diplomatic position; they need him in their business.

"President Callejas delivered a profound apology to our spokesman; said he would be only too happy to turn us loose; that it was all a mistake, anyhow; he hoped it would not cause any estrangement between our country and his, and ended by inviting the entire American party to take luncheon with him.

"We came north on Mr. Bascomb's yacht. A military guard of honor accompanied us to the docks. On the way up I begged of Mr. Murphy his Declaration, and he kindly let me have it. I am sending it to your mother, because I know you will value it for the part it played in saving your son's life."

Guthrie sat in a meditative mood for a few moments after he had finished reading the letter. Then he walked over to the desk where the telephone was.

"Is this you, Compton?" he called. "This is Guthrie. About that little matter this morning. Since thinking it over, I believe you were right. No objections whatever. Sure—I will be glad to let you know. I think it well that the people's minds should be refreshed by the foundation principles of our government."

Don't Hunt for Trouble.
Don't hunt after trouble, but look for success;
You'll find what you look for; don't look for distress.

If you see but your shadow, remember to pray.

The sun is still shining, but you're in the way.

Don't grumble, don't bluster, don't grumble and don't shirk;

Don't think of your worries, but think of your work.

The worries will vanish, the work will be done.

No man sees the shadow who faces the sun.

—[Philadelphia Public Ledger]



MEADE'S HEADQUARTERS ON CEMETERY RIDGE.

ter resigned. Gen. George G. Meade of the Fifth Corps was assigned to the command, and the army continued its march northward.

The Confederate army crossed the river at various points. On June 26, with Gen. Gordon's brigade of his division, Gen. Jubal A. Early rode into Gettysburg, to the astonishment and consternation of the dwellers in that staid and peaceful community. He made a peremptory demand for money and supplies, but before his order could be complied with he departed suddenly and the wondering inhabitants breathed freely again.

But they were not to escape so easily. On the night of June 29, Gen. John Buford saw the Confederate camp fires, reported to Gen. Reynolds and was ordered to advance with his troopers to Gettysburg. As he entered the town at noon of the following day he met a Confederate brigade with a wagon train which had come to collect the supplies which Early had demanded. The Confederates withdrew, and the Federal cavalry camped on the Chambersburg pike west of the town.

Buford—a Kentuckian with much military ability—after looking over the ground critically, made up his mind that Gettysburg was to be the scene of a great battle. "In the morning," he said to one of his staff, "they will come booming on, three lines deep, and we shall have to fight like devils to hold this position."

Buford's prediction was verified. On June 28, at Chambersburg, Gen. Lee learned from a scout that the Federal army had not only crossed the river, but was actually at the very heels of his troops. He at once began to concentrate his forces east of the South Mountain, and the mighty armies which had met upon so many indecisive fields were soon face to face at Gettysburg.

Firing the First Shot.

One of Buford's men, a cavalry picket, fired the first shot of the battle. Through the mist of early morning, on Wednesday, July 1, Buford's vigilant lookout discovered the advance of Gen. Heth's division, which had broken camp at 5 o'clock. The picket rode forward to reconnoiter and was hailed by the Confederate advance guard. Without pausing to reply, he galloped back, and from behind a bridge abutment fired the first shot of the most destructive battle of the Civil War.

Soon the two lines met and became hotly engaged. The Confederates had the advantage in numbers, the Federals in position. The Pennsylvania men were first to move into line. They were met by the Second Mississippi, and soon the fighting became furious. The commander of the First Corps, the gallant Reynolds, was struck in the head by a bullet and almost instantly killed. He was the idol of his troops and he fell upon the soil of his native State.

Gen. Abner Doubleday succeeded to the command of the corps. The Mississippians pushed bravely forward. Seasoned veterans and fired with the enthusiasm of recent victory as they were, they were driven by superior numbers and suffered great loss, a large proportion of the regiments becoming prisoners and the Second leaving its colors in the hands of the enemy.

Federals Driven From the Field.

At 11 o'clock the undaunted Heth reformed his line. Two hours later Gen. Ewell arrived with part of his corps and took command. Then for a time Confederate prowess secured the ascendancy. At about 4 o'clock the Confederate troops advanced for what proved to be their final attack, and drove the Federals from the field and took possession of it.

Hancock Fortifies Cemetery Ridge.

About this time, Gen. Hancock, who had been ordered by Meade to assume Howard's command, took up a strong position on Cemetery Ridge, south of the town, and fortified it quickly. The battle was over for the day, both sides having suffered tremendous losses in killed and wounded.

Nightfall found the Federal army in a perilous situation. It had repulsed the final assaults of Gen. Lee's veterans, but at a fearful cost. The entire Federal front had been beaten back to the position assigned to it early in the morning. The Third and Fourth Corps had been terribly depleted. The Confederate commander had pushed around the Federal right and seized a part of its line, holding an open gateway through which the oncoming legions of his enemy were streaming in, compelled the admiration even of those who suffered most from it—the leaders on the other side.

Praise From Sir Hubert.

Even Halleck, the captious Halleck—the general-in-chief who seldom exchanged his critical attitude for one of commendation—relaxed sufficiently to say: "You handled your troops in that battle as well as, if not better than, any general has handled his army during the war. You brought all your forces into action at the right time and place, which no commander of the Army of the Potomac has done before."

Nevertheless, nightfall of July 2, 1863, found the Army of the Potomac in a situation which demanded the most careful and solicitous consideration. True, the final assaults of the enemy had been repulsed, but at the fearful cost of 12,000 men. The entire Federal front had been beaten back to the position assigned it in the morning.

It was a gloomy company which Meade called together that night to talk over the situation and to make plans for the morrow. All the corps commanders were present, but there was little discussion. It was practically the unanimous opinion that there could be no retrograde movement; that the struggle must be continued on existing lines. In the face of the fearful responsibilities resting on them, these men remained resolute. Meade was not less determined than the others.

When the firing had ceased on the night of the second day's battle, Gen. Lee held the opinion that he was at the point of victory. He expressed this belief to his corps commanders, all of whom agreed with him except Longstreet. The latter dissented from the general opinion, and still declared that it would be hazardous to continue to fight in the present position.

Both armies had indeed lost heavily, but the balance was in favor of the Confederates. Several divisions were still fresh and the artillery was practically intact. Stuart had now come up with his cavalry, and Imboden had also arrived. Lee was firm in the opinion that the chances were more than ever in his favor.

Lee Determined to Fight.

Gen. Lee, however, with perhaps a more soldierly spirit, was in favor of bringing on an immediate battle, and he gave orders to Longstreet to make the principal assault. For some reason which has never been made entirely clear, and about which there has been much discussion, Longstreet did not begin the battle on the Confederate right until 4 o'clock.

When the attack was made, however, it was not lacking in vigor. There has never been any adverse criticism on that point from those who have blamed the energetic

Longstreet still held out against further direct attack on the part of the Confederate army. "My troops had driven back heavy columns and had encountered a force three or four times their number, but we had really accomplished little toward victorious results," he says in his account of the affair. "Our success of the first day had led us into battle on the second, and the battle on the second was to lead us into the terrible and hopeless slaughter on the third."

On the night of July 2, Longstreet sent to the Confederate extreme right to make a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN.)

A Jaunt of Two Women into Mexico.

By Amy Granville.

AMONG THE REBELS.

ALTHOUGH Mexico was revolution-
ridden from end to end Molly and I
were unafraid. Sixteen years among
the natives had acquainted us with a good
working knowledge of the Spanish lan-
guage and a few Indian dialects, and both
of us were known far and wide among the
simple mountain people as *muy buenas do-
tores*—very good doctors. Like all foreigners
in the wilds, we were simply forced to
learn something of surgery and medicine,
and there was no lack of patients on which
to practice our untrained hands, for there
was not a physician, native or foreign,
within a radius of fifty miles from La Junta,
near which Molly's husband and mine
owned "properties." A ranch is a ranch in
Mexico, likewise a house is a house, and a
store a store; but a mine only is spoken
of as a "property."

Like thousands of others, when President
Taft warned all Americans against remaining
in Mexico, we left for the States, and
were allowed by the man in charge of our
party only fifty pounds of luggage each.

It was heart-breaking to leave our precious
belongings to the care of a house mozo;
and while our husbands lamented the loss
of substantial incomes, Molly and I
mourned for our treasures, the accumula-
tion of sixteen years. There were dozens
of blankets, representing the best work of
seven Indian tribes; scores of obsidian
arrowheads; stone mortars and pestles;
pottery, baskets, and more than 150 can-
dlesticks of silver, brass, copper and
gunmetal, to say nothing of many rare and
out-of-print books, culled for the most part
from the old churches of Durango, Parral
and the Guerrero Valley.

Molly's husband and mine were in the
East, promoting an Arizona "property." It
was slow work, they wrote; they might not
return for two or three months; they hoped
we were well and happy, and inclosed small
—very small—checks, regretting that they
could not "spare more."

"I say, Amy," Molly cried, walking the
floor of her 10x12 room in a Tucson lodg-
ing-house, where all except ourselves were
eastern "lungers."

"Well, what do you say, dear?" I asked.
"That I will not stand this sort of thing,"
she blazed out.

"Neither will I," was my retort, "but what
can we do?"

"Go to Mexico—if you are game."

"I am game. When shall we start?"

"Banana!" And then and there we be-
gan to pack a few clothes in rattan suit-
cases and make a list of the provisions and
other necessities for the trail.

Then we each wrote ten letters, dated
seven days apart for the coming ten weeks
to our respective husbands, and engaged
the chambermaid to post them on certain
days, written down by typewriter to avoid
any discrepancy in dates. Then we bought
bacon, canned meats, evaporated fruits, re-
plenished our stock of camera supplies and
filled to overflowing our medicine cases.

"With a full medicine case," said Molly,
with as stately a gesture as her four feet
five inches and 171 pounds would admit, "I
would travel alone and perfectly unafraid
from end to end of revolution-ridden Mex-
ico. Vamonos, Amy mia!"

Off to Guaymas.

By means of our suave Spanish and a
few pesos, we avoided any unnecessary de-
lay and annoyance at the customhouse at
Nogales, Sonora, and were soon speeding
toward Guaymas.

We were delighted to be in Mexico again.
It all seemed the same in spite of war and
rumors of war. The people at the stations
were care-free and happy. They jostled
one another in the crowd in the same good-
humored way, doffed their enormous som-
breros, embraced and patted their friends
on the back in the same familiar fashion.
"Grim-visaged war" seemed far, far away;
but as the train slowed up at a water tank,
Molly pulled at my sleeve and uttered a
low cry. Seven men were dangling from a
telegraph pole—Federal soldiers, hanged
by the Yaquis in rebellion against the
Madero government. Similar sights were not
few along the line until we reached Em-
palme and there we heard grossly exaggerated
tales of the murdering of a Mexican
family in the Yaqui River Valley, by rene-

gade Indians. However, we were un-
dismayed and continued our journey to
Guaymas. There, the next day, we assem-
bled our saddles and such belongings as had
not been stolen from the hotel galera,
where we had stored them two years before.
Then we left by train for La Dura, travel-
ing for ten hours through the fertile Yaqui
River Valley, full of iridescent pink mist in
the early light, but cloudless and scorching
hot from noon till sunset.

We found the little pueblo of La Dura in
a ferment of excitement. "Red" Lopez and
200 of his men had raided the place the
day before, carrying away every vestige of
food and clothing from the two stores and
shooting four prominent Mexicans who had
refused to "contribute" to the rebel
"cause." Just what the "cause" was no one
seemed able to explain; not even the twenty
haughty men whom El Colorado had left to
guard the place while he and his brigands
went on to raid Mina Mexico and other ad-
jacent "properties."

Outfits for the Trail.

We were looked upon as insane, Molly
and I, when we said that we were going to
La Junta, with no other protectors than two
Indian boys whom we hired as mozos. Re-
monstrances were unavailing, and our Mex-
ican friends bade us adios with tearful eyes
and shaking heads.

Our outfit consisted of two riding mules,
four pack mules and an old horse, which
the mozos rode by turns. This was a con-
cession not often made by travelers, for
the packs need constant adjustment and
require two persons to place them in position
to balance perfectly. But the boys re-
fused to go unless they were permitted to
take the horse, and no other servants were
to be had. We noticed a difference in the
manner of the common people with the
combination of ferocity and subservience
that goes with the blood; they were be-
ginning to taste the sweets of freedom, and
secretly Molly and I rejoiced at it, although
we assumed as much authority as we dared.
The boys were merry-eyed, sturdy moun-
tain types. Pima Indians without a drop of
alien blood. Their parents lived at La
Junta, and we had known them for many
years.

We met no one during the first day's
travel. All the small ranchos and tiny
pueblos were deserted. Crops had been de-
stroyed again and again by marauding rebel
bands, cattle, goats and chickens killed and
eaten by predatory "patriots" and the lone
people, discouraged and tired of waiting
for better days, were concentrated in the
villages for mutual protection. We made
camp near the trail, for you cannot hide
yourself from passers-by, no matter what
precautions you take, and we chose a spot
in a cul de sac, so that no one could creep
up on us unaware from the rear. We made
a bed of pine boughs, arranged a V tent
over a rope stretched between two trees by
putting together four blankets, then lay
down to quiet dreams and sweet repose.

We were awake at the first streak of
dawn; breakfasted on strong coffee, toast
and fried bacon; then came the clutter and
hurry of packing, and we were away to the
mountains leaving the flat and uninterest-
ing country behind.

Labor and Money Wasted.

The broad wagon-road that we followed
had been made by an English company
many years before, when silver was \$1.29
an ounce, and labor one-third that of today.
It had cost a mint of money, or rather a
mint of money had been squandered on its
construction, for there were no great engi-
neering problems to overcome. Stories may
be heard, and I do not doubt them, of how
one Mexican contractor made 20,000 pesos
on the contract to cut through a certain
hill not twenty feet high; and how an
American, a mere tramp, got away with an
equal amount by constructing only two
miles of road down a 15 per cent. grade;
and again that the peon who boarded thirty
workmen at one of the camps cleared up
ten pesos every week on every man he fed;
and that the superintendent of the work,
after casting up the total expense, added
100 per cent. in addition to his own salary,
which the English company paid without
even auditing his accounts. And when we
reached La Trinidad, the second evening,
we were prepared to believe that might be
said of the Englishmen who had squandered

fortunes there. There is a vast mill with
tens of thousands of tons of valuable ma-
chinery rusting and falling apart; a great
hacienda, solidly built of stone, the lower
story divided into offices and storerooms
and the upper story into bedrooms, for the
large staff that was employed when the
mill was running. The furniture included
every luxury procurable in Mexico twenty-
five years ago; great mahogany dressers
and wash stands with marble tops; solid
cherry rocking chairs and "what-nots;" wal-
nut tables and writing desks and there
were tattered remnants of fine lace curtains
and thick velvet carpets. When the Eng-
lish company took over the property they
quickly worked out the ore bodies above
water level; then came the fall in the price
of silver and an unusually severe rainy sea-
son raised the water in the deep canyon to
the tunnel entrance and flooded the mine.
The shareholders were not inclined to re-
throw good money after bad, and the mine
reverted to the former owners. It is a ro-
mantic spot, La Trinidad, at the bottom of a
winding canyon, with great palms, orange
trees, myriads of flowers and crooked, nar-
row streets. The few people who are left
are lazy and apathetic, and they dream
away their lives in the anticipation of the
coming of another foreign company to re-
vive the past glories of La Trinidad.

Our next stop was made at Yecora, situated
in a fertile valley, which is usually
well cultivated from end to end; but there
we found uncultivated fields and desolation.
Nine-tenths of the people had gone, and those
bold enough to remain were in hourly fear
of another raid from rebels or Federal sol-
diers, who would carry off every vestige of
food and clothing in the place. Only three
old women remained in the house of Mar-
tinez, where Molly and I had passed many
happy days. All the young women had
been sent to places of safety. One priest in
Nuri, we were told, was caring for forty-one
young girls in his little house, for there
only were they safe; even a Sierra Madre
bandit dare not risk the loss of his precious
soul by attacking the house of a padre.

A False Alarm.

As we were about to start the next
morning, one of the mozos came running
into the corridor, his face a sickly yellow-green,
his eyes bulging and rolling in fear.
"El Colorado is coming," he gasped. He
was followed by every one left in the vil-
lage, and all were stricken dumb. They
could only huddle together and look about
with furtive eyes, as if they expected in-
stant extermination. When questioned,
the mozo said that he had seen the rebels
coming over the divide from the west when
he had climbed to the roof of the adjoining
house to get some chiles that had been
strung there to dry.

We awaited the coming of the red terror
and his band with what courage we could
command, and in about an hour four old
men, three boys and a woman straggled in,
carrying their small possessions on their
backs. They were from a distant ranch
and were going to La Dura to look for work.
They had seen no rebels, and had heard
that El Colorado and his band had gone to
Ocampo.

After a long consultation with the two
Indian boys, we started out a little after
noon. They said they knew an almost for-
gotten trail far to the north of La Republica
mine that would lead us to La Junta; it
would require five or six days more than
by the highway, but we would be safe, they
believed. And without divulging our plans
we set out over the main trail across the
Rio de los Gatos, climbed the great moun-
tain heights, then descended to Colona, a
once prosperous mining camp, but now en-
tirely deserted. Then, after passing the
old New York mine in a lovely canyon, we
climbed another mountain to windswept
heights, where the pines were small and
straggling; and then as we reached bare
spaces above timber line, a magnificent
view like a map unfolded before our eyes;
range upon range of mountains, with tow-
ering shafts, domes and minarets; savage
arroyos full of quivering, brilliantly-colored
mists; pine and tamarack-covered mesas
and truncated peaks and cliffs of volcanic
ash, white and dazzling in the intense sun-
light; and here and there we could trace
the course of the Moris river by the vari-
colored, precipitous walls that were cut and

scarred by hundreds of water channels
the eroding action of wind.

"Almost but not quite as wonderful as
Grand Canyon," Molly whispered, as we
gazed from that great height over a land
of celestial colors, blended like the shades
of a wonderful Oriental carpet, a land
where any romance might occur in the
incidences and verisimilitudes of life, as
the sun was beginning to set, a golden glow
in a sea of opal, mauve and rose, and we
made haste to descend to the canyon and
pitch tent for the night. The mozo led the
mules by turn down the long, long trail,
while Molly and I took the bridle from
our riding animals and left them to climb
their own way down. We walked or
rolled, for we were seldom on our feet
two consecutive minutes; and we were
pricked by cactus spines, torn by mesquite
thorns, bruised by rolling stones and
but stung to madness by myriads of
black gnats. But we found a lovely spot
the mozo roasted some fat mountain
over a bed of glowing coals, there were
fresh eggs and honey that we had
given to us at Yecora, where food was
scarce; and the troubles of the day
quickly forgotten. One of the boys lit
the little fire with his hat while he
cooked, lest the smoke attract the
attention of El Colorado and his band,
they were sure lurking somewhere near.

We started the next day at dawn up
the steep ascent in the cool of the morn-
ing. It required five hours of trudging
through cacti, chaparral, mesquite and
many varieties of flowering trees. We passed
over the most wooded portion of the great
Mesa Talayotes, so named for the vast
milkwicks that spring up just before the
rainy season. This is probably the
valuable body of pine timber in Mexico,
times the clumps of young trees so thick
that we could not see ten feet. Some of the most magnificent trees
struck by lightning, and very curious
the pranks played by Jove's thunderbolts.
There were great boles with cross
top to bottom as smooth as if polished
by hand; others showed
cut concentric rings and one was
with a perfect cross; another with
shaped grooves and tiny triangles.

"El Colorado!"

We encountered the main trail
in the afternoon and down
a deep canyon for the night. As we
were sitting by the camp fire and
congratulating ourselves on our safety
so far, we heard a loud whoop up
the great mountain-side that
the blood in our veins was not
to rend the calm of the evening.
"El Colorado!" shrieked one of the Pima boys.

"El Colorado!" echoed Pepe.
common impulse they tore
canyon and were soon out of the
giant boulders and twisted trees.

There was nothing for us to do but to face the situation but we did not feel the least
we both wore six-shooters and were strapped to our waists, but we
avail such weapons in the hands of Lopez and his terrors, bristling
and pistols, sharp machetes and

They spied us two lone women and made haste to rush pell-mell up the steep escarpment. All were
and well-dressed, a tall, slender ruffian, sixty-seven in all, learned, and all Sonora men
a lean, clean-shaven, swarthy 45, rode up and eyed us. He doffed his silver-trimmed
bade us a polite *buenas tardes*.

"We are travelling to La Junta," he said.
I managed to say, "Our horses are
inserted us. We came to look
erty."

The man dismounted and
with us. "Fear nothing," he said.
"you shall be protected.
of my best men with you is
to La Junta."

"You speak like a gentleman," I answered, flatly.
Mexican," I said. "I have resolved that
we are to be all things to all men."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE)

Paso Azul,

Rebellious Mexico as Seen by Two Women.

scarred by hundreds of water channels and the eroding action of wind.

"Almost but not quite as wonderful as the Grand Canyon," Molly whispered, as we gazed from that great height over a land of celestial colors, blended like the shades of a wonderful Oriental carpet, a land where any romance might occur in the coincidences and verisimilitudes of life. The sun was beginning to set, a golden ball in a sea of opal, mauve and rose, and we made haste to descend to the canyon below and pitch tent for the night. The mules led the mules by turn down the terrible trail, while Molly and I took the bridles of our riding animals and left them to choose their own way down. We walked or rather rolled, for we were seldom on our feet for two consecutive minutes; and we were pricked by cactus spines, torn by mesquite thorns, bruised by rolling stones and but stung to madness by myriads of small black gnats. But we found a lovely stream the mozos roasted some fat mountain quail over a bed of glowing coals, there were fresh eggs and honey that we had been given to us at Yecora, where food was scarce; and the troubles of the day were quickly forgotten. One of the boys fanned the little fire with his hat while the other cooked, lest the smoke attract the attention of El Colorado and his bandits, who they were sure lurked somewhere near.

We started the next day at dawn to the steep ascent in the cool of the morning. It required five hours of steady climbing, through cacti, chaparral, manzanita and many varieties of flowering mesquites. We passed over the most densely wooded portion of the great Mesa de Talayotes, so named for the vast number of milkweeds that spring up just before the rainy season. This is probably the most valuable body of pine timber in Mexico at times. The clumps of young trees were thick that we could not see ten feet ahead. Some of the most magnificent trees had been struck by lightning, and very curious were the pranks played by Jove's thunderbolts. There were great holes with grooves all the way from top to bottom as smooth as if they had been polished by hand; others showed deep, cut concentric rings and one was marked with a perfect cross; another with heart-shaped grooves and tiny triangles.

We encountered the main trail to La Taage the afternoon and descended a deep canyon for the night. As Neil and I were sitting by the camp fire after congratulating ourselves on our good so far, we heard a loud whooping from up the great mountain-side that almost stopped the blood in our veins so unexpectedly it rend the calm of the evening air. "El Colorado!" shrieked Jose, the

"El Colorado!" echoed Pepe, and common impulse they tore away up canyon and were soon out of sight.

the giant boulders and twisted pine.

do but to face the situation bold, we did not feel the least bit bad both wore six-shooters and cartridge strapped to our waists, but what avail such weapons in the face of Lopez and his terrors, bristling with and pistols, sharp machetes and what

and made haste to rush past the steep escarpment. All were well and well-dressed, a tall, stalwart ruffian, sixty-seven in all, as I learned, and all Sonora men. The lead, clean-shaven, swarthy and 45, rode up and eyed us curiously. Doffed his silver-trimmed sombrero and bade us a polite *buenas tardes*. "We are traveling to La Junta,"

The man dismounted and went with us. "Fear nothing," he said, "you shall be protected. I will of my best men with you to La Junta."

"You speak like a gentleman, Mexican," I answered, flatteringly, and I had resolved that on this were to be all things to all men; and



Store at
a great
mining camp. "Red" Lopez and some of his terror



Indians, father and son.



the pines above La Junta.



Men, Women and Affairs in the Kaleidoscope.

By Genevieve Farnell-Bond.

The Peace - Pledge.

that fluttering in the first faint light—that through the gray

is a sword of flame, to burn the

the azure for the feet of day?

What He Said.

NE day an Eldorado man met up

white, and then the stars that

lip was split open and two of the

th were missing. His left eye was

closed and his right orb of vision

rounded by a deep border of blue-

or.

Been fooling around a mule?" cheered

the Eldorado man.

"Nope," gloomily replied the man

split lip. "I saw a man yesterday

got to talkin' about Kansas and

ates. He said to me that Kansas is

od; that any man is a fool who will

ums—a bomb bursts overhead,

ights up the City of the Dead

The Eldorado man flared up at

the ashes of those fathers,

he man is a liar."

"Yes," said the disfigured man

inasted vapors of the dawn—

that's what I told him."—[Kansas

ar.

rgaining in Court.

PRISONER at the bar," declaimed

learned judge, "your offense is of

nature that, if you plead guilty, I will

u off with a fine."

"Pardon me," and the prisoner's com-

opped suddenly up from his seat. "Re-

cently the years that since their

plead guilty it will be necessary to have fled—

know exactly how much the fine will be.

"But this is unprecedented, sir!" the men, and made them con-

almed the judge warmly. "You can't

argue with the court."

"Well, it may be a little unusual, when a round-faced, tender little

hen," replied the lawyer, "but I am

when you learn the full circumsta-

nged pair of eyes and smiled,

the case you will entirely agree to

the proposition. You see, the prisoner is

the possession of \$60; my fee is \$50, and

the boy's record of Bunker Hill—

we cannot afford to plead guilty if you

list on fining him more than \$10."—[P

urch Gazette Times.

Accomplished Servant.

ACCORDING to a story credited to

Hays Hammond in the New York

line, a Lapland girl was seeking a job

in a city in the northern part of

the world.

"Can you cook?" asked the mistress

house at which the girl had applied.

"No."

"Can you make beds?"

"No."

"But what can you do?"

"Oh," replied the girl, proudly, "I

the cannon! Fill the sky with fire

the stars! But men shall now

milk a reindeer."

One Thing He Did Know.

GOOD DUFFERIN, says the

Mall and Empire, delivered before

high council in the days

Greek class of McGill University

dress about which a reporter wrote:

His Lordship spoke to the class

purest Greek, without mispronoun-

word or making the slightest gram-

matism.

"Good heavens," remarked Sir

Langevin to the late Sir John A. Mac-

donald, "how did the reporter know that?"

"I told him," said the Conserva-

tionist, "that you don't know any Greek."

"True, but I know a little about

Greek."

Thought in Term of Insurance.

A WELL-KNOWN politician dis-

covered the keen interest the

boys take in local politics, related

experience he had while talking with

in a clubhouse of an East Side po-

litical organization. After discussing the

election in New York City, the

State politics and Gov. Sulzer's

toward Tammany.

"If Abraham Lincoln were still

the politician, 'what do you boys

think the policy would be in this situa-

A small boy of 12, standing at the

edge of the group, piped up:

"I don't think he would be too

any policy?"—[New York Sun

subtle development that takes place from day to day may be clearly apparent to some outsider; but Sis will always be to Bud the selfish little animal trying to get the best of every situation. And Bud will always seem something of a brute of a fellow, with a strong odor, and dirty hands. Sis will scarcely notice the gradual disappearance of these attributes in Bud, and Bud will not be aware of the changes that have taken place in Sis. They are to each other just plain Bud and Sis, with a semi-contempt for each other. And when one of them hears outsiders expatiate upon some fine quality or wonderful talent in the other, the one who hears will be amused and entirely skeptical. It is not so strange, because the two have always seen each other at close range. They have played with each other in the kitchen, and rolled with each other among the garbage pails of physical familiarity.

But what happens after sweethearts—

mutually adoring and idealistic—have been married for a length of time is indeed strange. The beautiful qualities that each has admired in the other are gradually lost sight of; and the smaller and less admirable traits, brought out in daily friction, grow. They seem to assume greater and greater proportions, until the other qualities, which at one time meant so much, are eventually obscured. They are taken for granted, and forgotten along with the rare exquisiteness of the love that brought the two together. It is not usually because there is any real change in the admirable traits and the lovable qualities. They have simply become cheap commodities through familiarity.

Because of present social conditions and arrangements we cannot avoid a large degree of familiarity with those with whom we come in daily contact. But it is a very good thing when an exceptionally gifted person is able to get away entirely from familiar surroundings for a space. It is better even for the commonplace individual. There is always a fighting chance that he may then become something—somebody. He never will in the environment where he is looked upon by his own people as a "dub." Why, even now the genius who has accomplished wonders in the outside world is nobody but commonplace Charley, or ordinary little Jean, who is "queer," upon returning to the native environment and former friends.

Do's and Don'ts for Family Friend.

Don't pretend you are a friend of the family merely for benefits which you may hope to extract.

Don't accept hospitality of the family unless you are able to do so in entire good will, and with a desire to reciprocate.

When you visit as a friend don't go prepared to outdress your hostess, with the purpose of creating discomfort and envy.

Don't make critical comments concerning your friends' clothing, household furnishings, or household arrangements. Praise where you can; remain pleasantly silent where you cannot.

Don't give advice unless asked for it directly. Then do it in a way that will be useful to your good friends, and will not wound them.

Don't display curiosity about anything in the life of the family which does not concern you.

Don't ask personal and impertinent questions no matter how close the intimacy.

Never talk about unfortunate or unhappy conditions which you may discover in the family relations, outside of the home.

When one member of the family takes you into his confidence, never betray it to another member.

Don't dip in your ear when small ruptures in the family relations occur, and make them worse.

Don't criticise one member of the family to another behind his back.

When one member of the family complains of some wrong done by the other, don't seek to aggravate the wound, and increase the trouble. Find some extenuating circumstance in the case if you can. If you cannot, stand ready to do what you can to bring the wrongdoer to a realizing sense of his wrong, and when this is impossible, be a friend in deed to the one who has been wronged.

If you happen to be a young girl, don't expect to run the family out of the one par-

lor almost every night in the week in order to receive your company. It would be a good time to teach your company that he must do his part of the entertaining.

Likewise, if you happen to be a young lady don't become too good a friend to the hubby exclusive of the wife. Don't show a fictitious interest in everything that interests him, and spend too much time preparing dainty dishes particularly pleasing to him—especially if the wife should impersonally assure you that "she never gets jealous."

Don't, if you are a charming man, allow yourself to cast sympathetic glances at the wife whenever hubby gets a little grouchy and lets something loose. Keep your eyes discreetly fixed on space. Little family squalls do not necessarily mean anything serious.

Don't, dear old maid or bachelor, tell your friends how to bring up their children.

Don't deliberately teach them in ways that your friends would disapprove.

Don't make it a habit to tell Friend Family your troubles. Tell all the good things you know, so that your presence will be hailed with delight.

Some Questions and Answers.

What is the best way to keep hubby's devotion alive? Never let him feel that you have lost your possible attractiveness for the friends he brings home to dinner.

What is the surest way to hold the wife's love? Bring her home some little trifle every night, if only a single flower, that she may feel you are not a mere husband.

What is the best way to keep the mother-in-law from showing her claws? Hurrah for women's suffrage, and tell her frequently that she is the handsomest woman you ever knew.

What is the best way to keep the girls from getting married early, so that they may remain at home and help out with the income? Give 'em each a latch key, keep out of the parlor on beau nights, and don't entertain these beaux with embarrassing family secrets while the girls are primping.

What is the best way to keep out of debt? Hand out all the cash that mother and the girls demand—and then some.

What is the best way to keep son from running wild? Get a little bit sporty yourself, and son will consider it his duty to straighten out dad for the credit of the family.

The Visiting Child.

My daddy brought his family up in a big country home, where there were acres of ground, and plenty of big bedrooms to accommodate numbers of guests. And believe me—there were always plenty of guests to accommodate. The only time we were without them was during the very cold days when the mercury tried to break through the bottom of the thermometer.

For all of the friends and relatives knew that we had only small grates in the rooms from which the soft coal fires did not throw out any alarming amount of heat. However, as soon as the spring days opened, the relatives began to pour in from far and near. Whole families from the North, South and West would come, and remain for weeks. And they were always made cordially welcome.

All of this is leading up to the special subject of the kiddie as a guest. Papa and mamma are supposed to know how to be offensive visitors. Self-interest and common-sense sometimes make them really delightful company. And you are compelled to wonder, in many cases, how such apparently well-bred individuals can possibly be the parents of the awful bawling mouth with a child around it, or the tricky young one who is into mischief the moment your back is turned.

There is every species and variety of nuisance among the visiting children, from the one you do not dare even to look at for fear of precipitating an all-morning seance of lachrymose bawls, to the perfect little lady of 6, with hotel manners, who knows the world, and can repeat to her mother everything she sees and hears with a comprehensiveness that would completely floor you.

The mischievous child seldom works singly. She usually ropes in some younger member of the family that is entertaining her—she needs a goat. Norma always made

the younger brother her comrade. She would take him into the chamber that promised the greatest interest, lock the door and, standing on a chair, would ransack the dresser drawers. We never knew the child to appropriate anything that did not belong to her, but after she had been seated demurely and virtuously behind a book for some time showing little brother the pictures, mother would scent a suspiciously strong perfume which she would trace to her room. There she would find the dresser drawers half-open, with her belongings tumbling about as if hastily thrust in, her vials of imported perfume half—if not entirely—empty, and her powder in little heaps about the floor. Norma would declare with large, innocent eyes that she had not been near the room—but that she had seen little brother come out a few minutes ago. Norma's mother would declare that "Norma never lies," and would sniff indignantly at such an insinuation.

There is the kiddie who puts its face up into yours and talks at you continuously—unrebuked by the parents—so that you cannot hold any intelligent conversation with anyone. There is the kiddie who does not like anything you have on the table, and won't eat. There is—but oh piffle! Why continue? There are such quantities of them. And every one of them are expressing the undesirable qualities that are in one or other of their parents, but which the parents conceal. Poor little things!—they are hardly to blame. For my part, I have taken the liberty of letting all the kiddies that I have entertained know exactly what I expected of them—letting them feel at the same time that it was because I loved them, and wished them to be at their best. Strange to say, I have always come out with a whole hide, the love of the children, and the gratitude of the parents!

The Symbolic Key.

[American Tailor and Cutter:] Art, music and poetry have in all ages been considered the polite arts, but what is art without the proper portrayal of the dress of the age that it seeks to represent? What is music that does not bring inspiration from the masters of the past who were clothed in the power to give us glimpses of men and ideals of whom the only lasting impression can be gained by the form our imaginations clothe them in robes in which their creators sent them out on their errands of giving the world higher ideals. Then what is poetry but thought clothed in words? No matter from what side viewed, the figure of speech of clothing is the symbolic key that gives entrance to these higher realms, and therefore why should not clothes themselves touch the hem of the garments of the arts, with which they are so closely in touch?

Concerning Physical Strength.

[Chicago Journal:] It is becoming fashionable to wail about the physical shortcomings of modern men, and to predict that in the near future women will surpass their brothers in bodily strength. Sometimes this prophecy is based on evolution. More often the prophets declare that men are destroying themselves by bad habits

The City and the House Beautiful.

By Ernest Braunton.

Harmonious Planting. SKILL NEEDED IN TREATMENT OF SMALL PLACES.

ON SMALL places harmony in plants is much harder to secure than on those of greater scope. So often does the average owner have a list of plants he most fancies and into the garden, somewhere, somehow, these plants must go. Nor is his taste at fault. It is proper and fitting that he should have what he wants or most admires. A great deal of skill is needed, however, if he is to have harmonious effects from many sorts of plants in a small compass.

But when we step into a large garden we expect to see more of order and harmony of detail, also some central or fundamental scheme manifest upon which the whole revolves or rests. There is too much of really stupid planting in local gardens due to lack of study in planting—a plea for the services of one who knows. All colors, habits, climatic requirements and characters are put into one hopeless jungle with the result that such gardens are not only lacking in character but of interest, and certainly fail to attract anyone. Our parks are also full of this meaningless planting and therefore where we should be able to look for examples of good planting we meet with rank disappointment and failure. One of the chief faults in both park and garden lies in the inability or perhaps unwillingness of planters to distinguish between fundamentals and incidentals. Any plant is not so valuable for itself as for the part it plays in helping to make the picture. Tree and shrub masses and groups are fundamentals. A single plant is an incidental. Small flowering plants are the merest incidentals used to brighten the scene.

* * *

Street Trees for Desert Regions.

IN SOME localities where summers are hot and winters cold the two trees most commonly seen on streets and highways are the umbrella tree and the cottonwood. The umbrella tree is commonly grown from seeds, though the better plan is to graft them, for some of the seedlings are sure to revert to type, the umbrella form being merely a sport from a far less desirable normal type. Cottonwoods are best grown from cuttings, for the female tree sheds the so-called cotton, which proves quite objectionable for a short period each year. Any size of cuttings will do, even up to "living fence posts." The latter are most easily obtained by sticking the lower ends in water until sprouting begins, when they should be either planted or driven at once.

* * *

Good Roads and Parks.

ABOUT three years ago a small place in Los Angeles county seriously contemplated purchasing a tract for park purposes. About that period the agitation for good roads came about and all the enthusiasm of this particular community was allowed to spend itself on one grand hurrah for a fine road leading to the metropolis. The park project was forgotten. Now the people are again discussing the park site which now lies directly on the county road lately so highly improved. But alas! The tract in question is held at just three times the price asked before the great highway was built. This community is sorely in need of a good park, for at present there is no spot where one may rest except on his own premises; no picnic grounds.

Each Sunday all the young people, and many others, either go to Los Angeles or the beaches to find pleasure and amusement. On all holidays the same conditions prevail. Aside from the danger and expense of young men and young ladies going so far from home for enjoyment, away from parent care and oversight, is the fact that much money is spent which should go to local vendors of delicacies and dainties. To sum it up, had the park site been purchased when first discussed, an actual saving in dollars and cents would have been made, not to mention other losses which are likewise irreparable. Think this matter over carefully, you of parkless cities and towns, and you will not fail to see the advisability of securing park sites at the earliest opportunity, even at a financial sacrifice.

16

Natural Growth of Live Oaks.

WHEN unmutilated or unshorn by the hand of man the live oak of local territory (*Quercus agrifolia*) is one of the most beautiful of trees, retaining its lower branches and foliage down to the ground. Indeed, so beautiful is this tree, so strong in character, that seldom is one made unattractive by even the rudest vandal; under harsh treatment it becomes merely less beautiful, never ugly. Every means possible should be employed, not only to preserve the oaks we have, but to plant young ones where none now exist. At twenty years of age, if well watered during summer for the first five years, these trees make the most beautiful subject for street planting of all the trees the world affords, and more should be used for this purpose both in cities and rural districts.

* * *

Our Injured Jacaranda Trees.

THE owner of a large tree of Jacaranda ovalifolia recently told the writer he seriously considered cutting out the tree because of serious damage by freezing last January and a lesser damage from the same cause nearly every winter. Each year the tree blossoms freely—a beautiful crop—but the annual dropping of the leaves, rendering it unsightly and bare for a short period and the persistent frosts prove discouraging. Asked what to do in such cases the writer advised building a tree with gas pipe branches and thin leaves.

* * *

Control of Street Trees.

NO ONE who has given the subject any thought can have any doubt as to the value and advantages of municipal ownership and control of street trees. It is the only means through which we may obtain systematic, uniform street planting in a practical, economical way. In fact, it is the only means through which a large city may obtain any degree of success for several obvious reasons. While all this is not only plainly, but painfully apparent, is it not strange that we are individually and collectively so apathetic on this important question? No city of the Pacific Coast so badly needs reforming in this direction as the city of bare streets, Los Angeles.

* * *

Landscape Beauty an Asset.

THE courts in several States have declared that landscape beauty is an asset and that man has neither legal or moral right to desecrate it by the erection of billboards. In California we should eliminate every one of these objectionable blots on the landscape, even if a constitutional amendment be necessary in order to control the matter. One year from date of passage of the act should be given the billboard companies to retire from the business. This is but fair, and we should be as fair as possible that the billboard must go. In a country that is the Mecca of all tourists there should be no such prostitution of landscape beauty.

[784]



NATURAL GROWTH OF LIVE OAKS.

The Garden Mole.

DO NOT condemn the garden mole without evidence that he is harming your garden. Except he burrows under the lawn or young plants, the chances are strongly in favor of allowing him to remain. Personally the writer favors his early extermination, being fearful of his doing immediate harm. The food of the mole is not vegetable, as is the case with the pocket gopher, but consists of earthworms and insects that live in the soil and he hastens through the rich top soil hunting for food. His eyes are largely rudimentary inasmuch as he can barely distinguish light from darkness. Moles are easily scared away, and shun, so far as they know, the haunts of man.

* * *

Eucalypt for Heat and Cold.

E. G. D. wishes to know if any species of eucalyptus will stand a winter temperature of "15 degrees" and desert heat during summer.

There is no doubt but *Eucalyptus viminalis* will withstand greater heat and cold than any other large growing species. It will grow in height nearly as fast as the more common red gum and blue gum, but does not make as thick trunks as those species, nor as valuable wood. The tree does grow straighter, however, and the lumber when used for flooring is second to none for that purpose. It would also prove valuable for house finishing, either indoors or for exterior covering. As a general utility tree *Eucalyptus viminalis* is a valuable one and worthy of extensive use in so-called desert sections.

* * *

Flight of Winged Seeds.

HOW far do the winged seeds range from the parent tree? Dr. Ridley of the Singapore Botanic Gardens watched those from a large forest tree and found them to travel more than 100 yards. Plumed seeds, like those of the dandelion, or finely powdered seeds, easily travel far greater distances than winged seeds or samars. It would seem that wings on seeds do a far greater service in causing the seeds to alight in a position conducive to easy entrance to the soil than by wafting them, by the aid of wind, to great distances. According to Dr. Ridley the tree observed by him would spread but 300 yards in 100 years.

* * *

Arsenic and Lye for Weeds.

ACORRESPONDENT sends in another formula for an effective weed killer. Dissolve one pound of concentrated lye in one gallon of water and then add two pounds of white arsenic. When the latter is also dissolved add enough water to make twenty gallons. A light spraying with this solution will kill any weed, likewise any other plant, so that care must be exercised in its use. If paths are already wet so the solution would run off into adjoining soil it would not be advisable to use the spray. When soil encumbered with weeds is in a very dry condition the weed killer

Gardens, Grounds,
Streets, Parks, Lakes.

"Ho

may be safely and effectively applied but a light application will be best to prevent further trouble from weeds.

The Gentle Reader.

[Cincinnati Times-Star:] where is the gentle reader? Whom the classicists and stylists of old would lure their readers with the verbiage and then show them the powers of rhetoric they had cultivated all a very gentlemanly affair, charming, too, when done with the cursive of an Addison or a Johnson. Did we say "discursive"? It changes the definition of a word.

According to contemporary literature the gentle reader is an institution of the past. If he exists, he retires far from the world and yellow proffers of our "best" instead of yielding to bright new illustrations in colors, he brushes from the covers of an old friend.

The present world is not for the gentle reader. Literature has become a down and drag-out affair. The whole garden of weeds will not assault his readers' minds of the ground finely chance of receiving a hearing. Important of all, it no longer cares for science in its conflict between himself and the author. Between the period chapter or on the ropes by the author has him not giddy from the surface going on. As a book will be thrown aside as too dry, capillary attraction in a busy world, from below, to be writer fails to deliver a kick. Thus, in a short final chapter the volume seems too dry to sustain the minuet at a tango ball. Minds! Bruise our brains! old carpets, straw or stuff! We are here but a little upon the surface, while here we don't wish to mind on such a bauble as that.

Pass on, gentle reader. You solely as domesticity.

The Missing Word.

[Puck:] Mrs. Woridley: If your master kissed you again why did you not cry "Help?" French Maid: Ah, maids just ze word of vich I could moment.

Darken Those
Gray Hair.FLOWERS AND VASES
Glass Receptacles.

[California State Journal:] flowers are apt to become much more numerous and more forget-me-nots are likely to appear in the garden. The flowers are fully bloomed over the entire garden, and the stains few methinks that of placing a hand over the top, shaking it until disappeared. If not completely removed, a rag wound around the crevices will effectually oblige stains.

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IN THE LAUNDRY

and Starching.

Science Monitor:]

can not be washed

very hot, as this is ap-

Also they should not

be washed out after they are wa-

which require starching

after they have been

Dr. COLEGROVE, Dentist

452½ S. Broadway, Corner 5th.

opinion of Judge Wood places them in the non-useful list, and he holds that there can be no doubt that the power of the State or its proper subdivision is plenary either in

out of any portion of the estate under this will, contests its probate on the ground that at the time it was made his sister was not of sound mind.

Poultry Work for Summer Months.

By Michael K. Boyer.

Special Precautions.

NECESSARY DURING HEATED TERM TO PROTECT FOWL.

[Plenty of work can be found around the poultry place during summer months to keep it in good condition and insure healthy fowl. Cleanliness is the keynote of success, as it prevents vermin and is beneficial to the chickens in every way. There are also such questions as summer food, fresh water, etc., to be considered, and methods of protecting the birds from rats, weasels, and other animals that prey upon them. The prompt collection of eggs in hot weather is also of vital importance. All these subjects are treated in a practical way in the following article.

Buff Plymouth Rocks are pictured and described in an interesting fashion by Mr. Graham this week. He traces their history from the beginning to the present and tells of the remarkable results obtained by breeders.]

CONTRARY to an apparently prevailing belief, work in the poultry yard should not cease with the advent of summer. There is much to be done during the hot months, and much which, if left undone, is bound to cause trouble.

The wise poultier looks to the comfort of his stock, and the first step to be taken in that direction is to keep the houses perfectly clean. That may sound like the revival of an old story, but its importance is so great that to neglect it will spell failure to the enterprise.

The manure should be collected regularly each day. After feeding and watering the stock the attendant can visit each pen, taking with him a pail and a short-handled hoe or scraper, with which he can easily scrape the droppings in the pail. This, however, should be followed by sprinkling a light coating of sifted coal ashes, or road dust, or some other similar material, on the dropping boards to prevent the manure adhering.

Once a week there should be a general cleaning up, the cobwebs swept from walls, the dirty nests renewed and the drinking vessels carefully washed. Work of that nature, regularly performed, delivers a death blow to vermin.

Question of Feeding.

The next important matter to consider is the quality of feed and the manner in which the fowls are fed. While there is very little merit in a special summer feed and a special winter feed, at the same time the character of the winter ration must be changed sufficiently to meet the conditions of the weather in summer. In winter one-third of the ration should be composed of carbonaceous material, because starchy matter is heat producing. In summer the carbonaceous material must be lessened—to, say, one-fifth the amount of ration; as heat is not required.

Every week a careful inspection should be made of the range to see that no decaying animal matter, like dead birds, rats or other animals, is lying about, as carcasses breed maggots, which the stock will greedily devour, and which cause what is known as limberneck, an affection calling for prompt treatment. A few drops of turpentine added to a teaspoonful of water is a good cure, providing the case is taken in time.

The drinking water should be renewed at noon, and the vessels kept in the coolest spot possible.

Remove the male birds from the flocks, keeping them in separate quarters until after molting season.

The hot weather is apt to develop bad odors in both the houses and the runs, and disinfectants must be employed. Disease germs are more or less prevalent in impure air.

Each night about roosting time every part of the building should be inspected to see if any of the enemies are in hiding. If none is found, the doors should be closed and locked.

In breaking up broody hens they should be placed in a run and house in which there are no nests. Generally in a week they will be over their broodiness.

Gathering the Eggs Promptly.

It is as important to gather the eggs several times a day during summer as it is in winter. Hot weather stales eggs very quickly. By collecting two or three times a day and placing them in a cool cellar or room, eggs will keep in a fresh condition much longer.

There is considerable work on the poultry farm during summer that is routine work. The houses are opened up in the morning, the breakfast prepared and fed, the drinking vessels rinsed and filled, the manure collected in the houses, the nests regularly looked after, the premises inspected, hunting up such irregularities as ratholes, needed repairs, holes in the wire fencing, etc., gathering the eggs several

times during the day, supplying the yarded flocks with grass or other green food, looking after the growing chicks, giving the evening meal, closing up the houses at night, and many other matters that will naturally suggest themselves.

Vermin thrive in filth, and every effort must be taken to rout the enemy. Tobacco stems used in the nest in place of hay or straw in itself is an excellent vermicide. Once a week kerosene poured over the roosts and in the corner of the nest boxes will kill off all insect life that comes in contact with it. Scales on the legs, too, are the outcome of filthy quarters, and the moment such a condition is discovered the bird should be removed to separate quarters and treated. A good treatment is to wash the legs with hot water and castile

or tar soap. When dry anoint with a mixture of equal parts of kerosene and vaseline. Repeat daily until the scales are removed.

Keep Nests Clean.

In setting hens in summer there should be made of tobacco stems, incendiary, and insect powder should be sprinkled in the nest.

Feed of a fattening nature should be given sparingly during hot weather, as it is of a very heating nature, and when it is fed daily to balance the excess of grain (like wheat and oats) should compose only about one-fifth

of the diet. Fowls are said to be fat on Seminole Hill.

Fowls crave a drink of water almost upon leaving the roost in the morning. In order that they may have a drink of clean water, the vessels should be placed near the nest boxes.

Broodiness is a provision of nature to afford rest. After heavy laying, the hen needs this rest. It is best to have the nests arranged out in the orchard or other shady place, and allow the hens to pass three or four weeks in this manner resting.

The best place to keep the eggs is in a well-ventilated cellar, so that they are not affected by the hot weather. They should not be held for a week, as fresh, although it is always the plan to market every three days, should quickly take up bad odors, and it is taken that the air in the cellar is sweet. It is better to keep the eggs in crates, as in the former an air can strike them, which will not keep qualities.

[Copyright, 1912, by the Eugene C. Pickett's Famous Advanc

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The Handsomest of the Plymouth Rocks.

BY LOUIS PAUL GRAHAM.

The history of this breed began somewhere around the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, and is contemporary with Buff Wyandottes. Their main source of origin was Rhode Island Reds. These latter were bred for many years in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Some fanciers selected a lot of light-colored Rhode Island Reds and exhibited them as Buff Plymouth Rocks and Buff Wyandottes, according to whether they had single or rose combs.

True, fanciers were attracted by their possibilities and adopted them, mingling these light-colored Reds with some of Mr. Wilson's effort from Ohio, who, it is understood, produced his Buff Rocks from a cross of Buff Cochins and Light Brahma, and consequently was troubled with feathered legs. The mixture of these bloods and the addition of crosses with Buff Cochins and Buff Leghorns, together with careful selection and breeding, made rapid improvement in the breed, although it inherited black in wings and tail from all its ancestors, white in wings from some, feathered legs from the Cochins and Brahma, white in the earlobes from the Leghorns and some of these still crop up today despite the years of patient effort that have been expended upon the production and perfection of the variety.

With all these drawbacks, the breeders of Buff Rocks did wonderful work. It is a fact that the first really golden buff fowls of any breed were Buff Plymouth Rocks, and if memory serves correctly, these were the first fowls to be exhibited with clear buff in all the plumage, including wings and tails.

That was a wonderful achievement when you consider that it is only in compara-

tively recent years that Buff Cochins and Buff Leghorns breeders have been able to exhibit fowls as good in color as are the Buff Plymouth Rocks.

White in the earlobes, white and chestnut in the wings and tails and feathers on the shanks still bother the breeders of Buff Rocks, but by constantly discarding such specimens these traits can and will be bred out.

These are the things that keep up the interest in all breeding of fine fowls.

Exhibited at World's Fair.

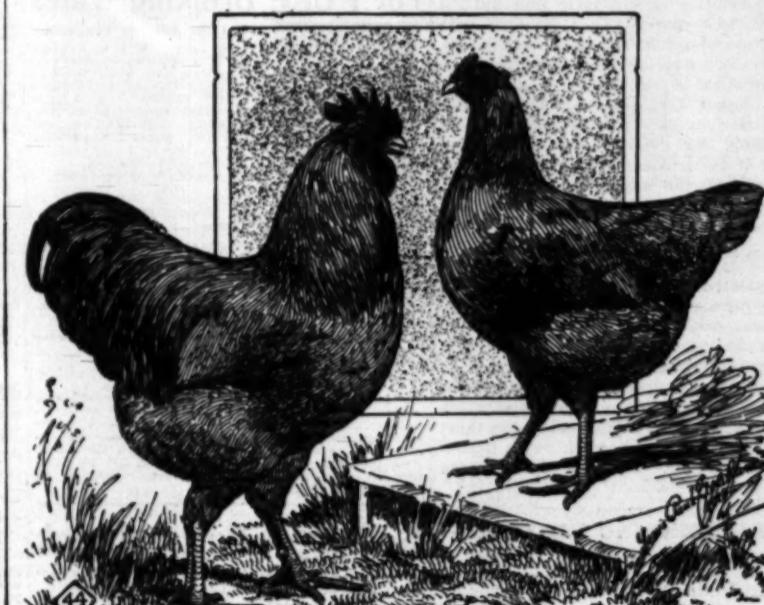
Much of the work of producing this variety was done previous to 1893. In that year splendid specimens were exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago and admitted to the American Standard of Perfection.

In addition to their beauty, the splendid utility qualities of this variety appealed to their breeders, and the popularity of Buff Plymouth Rocks increased steadily.

The fowls are large and active, being good foragers, strong layers, rapid growers and give satisfactory results either on farm with free range or in a small back-yard flock. When dressed they are very attractive and find ready sale.

The hens are splendid layers of large brown eggs and will sit, hatch and rear their chicks. The chicks are active and rapid growers, equaling any of our American breeds and possessing, with them, splendid table qualities from brooder size up to roasters.

When full grown, the males should weigh from 8 to 9½ pounds, females from 6 to 7½ pounds, but they often exceed these weights.



BUFF PLYMOUTH ROCKS.

This variety of the famous family of Plymouth Rocks was admitted to the standard in 1893. It had been several years in the making, and after its recognition by the American Poultry Association, genuine fanciers and breeders continued to strive for greater perfection. It is a beautiful golden buff in color in all sections. Has yellow legs, beak and skin, and bright red comb, wattles and earlobes. Its comb is single, set firm and straight on the head. This variety is a first-class table fowl, from broiler size to maturity, and gives excellent results both on free range and in small back-yard home flocks.

[786]

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Dr. COLEGROVE, Dem

One

Months.

Battle of Gettysburg.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ELEVEN.)

reinforcement in that direction, hoping that Lee might conclude to move the Federal left, but the latter remained unshaken in his determination to win the battle at daybreak.

On the morning of the 3d broke clear and a day on which there would be no absence of the elements in the tragedy was to follow. The Confederate still occupied Seminary Ridge and held the range stretching from Cemetery Hill and around Hill. The latter were concentrated, the former were stretched out in a somewhat broken line.

Not until 1 o'clock in the afternoon was everything in readiness for the attack. Then the signal guns broke the silence and immediately 150 Confederate

charge repulsed. Thus the battle of Gettysburg closed as it had opened—with a brisk cavalry fight.

Gen. Lee now recognized the futility of his attempt to dislodge Meade from his position. He entrenched a line from Oak Hill to Peach Orchard, started all his wagon trains to the Potomac in advance, and followed with his army on the night of the Fourth of July, which had been the most eventful national holiday he had ever passed.

Gen. Meade has been accused of too great deliberation in his pursuit of the retreating Confederate commander. The most authoritative modern writers on both sides hold him blameless in this respect. As soon as it was made certain that the Confederate army was in retreat, Gregg was started in pursuit, and the infantry—now reduced to about 47,000 effectives—followed as speedily as the weather would permit.

A Masterly Retreat.

There is little doubt that Meade was fully alive to the vital importance of striking the retreating army before it could get over the Potomac. But his wary opponent made all his efforts futile. Soon after he had ordered an advance of the Federal forces, on the morning of July 14, Meade found that Gen. Lee and his army were safe on the other side of the river.

The losses of both armies at Gettysburg were appalling. The revised returns of the Army of the Potomac show 3072 killed, 14,497 wounded, 5434 missing; total, 23,003. The corresponding returns for the army of Northern Virginia show 2592 killed, 12,709 wounded, 5150 missing; total 20,451. It is admitted that the returns for the Confederate side are not absolutely correct.

It was a battle in which the military honor of the defeated was not tarnished by the failure to win. It was indeed a failure which carried no discredit with it. At the points of contact the losers in the struggle were almost always the uppermost. On July 1, 18,000 Federal combatants were pitted against at least 25,000 Confederates, and were worsted. On the following day, Longstreet's 15,000 men overcame Sickles's 10,000, but were brought to a standstill when a larger force was brought up.

In many respects the Confederate advantage was unmistakable. Lee had much favorable ground for his artillery. His soldiers were all veterans. His troops were better organized. They were commanded by officers who had already given evidence of their ability.

The disadvantages under which the Confederate army fought were equally marked. They were the same as those encountered by the Federal army in Virginia—they were surrounded by enemies, and they were not by choice, but by the necessity of the situation, the assailants on the field selected by their opponents.

Send for circular of Health Home, in the foothills where Natural Methods of strengthening and preparing the body for the winter are followed; obviating the usual suffering, incident to "civilized" society only. Manager, Late Head Nurse ten years under United States Government (Indian Service.) Address Mrs. Caldwell, R. D. 1, Box 231 B, Pasadena, Calif.

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Send for circular of Health Home, in the foothills where Natural Methods of strengthening and preparing the body for the winter are followed; obviating the usual suffering, incident to "civilized" society only. Manager, Late Head Nurse ten years under United States Government (Indian Service.) Address Mrs. Caldwell, R. D. 1, Box 231 B, Pasadena, Calif.

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[Saturday, June 28, 1913.]

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Men's soft and easy plain toe shoes in lace or Congress.

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Soft and Easy House Shoes, hand sewed soles, low heels.

Grover's Soft and Easy Shoes..... **\$2.50 to \$3.50**

James P. Burns

Physiological and Psychological

By Edward B. Warman, A.M.

Plain Truths,
and Simple.This
Timely Hy-

Motto:
"Words are things, and a small drop of ink
falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
that which makes thousands, perhaps millions,
think."

The Law of Suggestion.

THE mind is controllable by suggestion. A suggestion, however, is not necessarily verbal, but is often caused by something you see, hear, touch, taste or smell. The mind can be stupefied, starved or poisoned as truly as can the body. I have every reason to believe that there is not a disease known to man which cannot be remedied and, in many cases, cured, if the mind of the patient be prevented from retarding the recovery of health. Friends and sympathetic relatives also have, unintentionally, of course, killed many persons by misdirected kindness and over-anxiety.

One of the most noticeable facts in life is the great difference in the capacity of various persons to make impressions and command obedience through suggestion. As men differ widely in their physical capacity, so do they in their psychical force. Some men may hurl missiles with greater force than others; so some may project their ideas with greater effect than others. One man may address a jury, and the effect of the speech is only soporific. Another lawyer addresses the same jury on the same subject, and immediately every man is alert, wide awake, and fully convinced that he is listening to the truth. The last speaker knew how to drive his thoughts like javelins; he knew how to suggest forcibly.

Suggestive Therapeutics.

FROM the dawn of creation to the present time there has been no greater curative agency known to man than suggestion, and at no time in the history of the nation has its power been so generally recognized as at the present.

The Emmanuel Church Movement was antedated by the original Emmanuel movement, which had its initiative in the teachings and practices of the lowly Nazarene. But it has taken the churches nearly 2000 years to come to a realizing sense that somehow, somewhere, the healing art has been lost to the church, while, in reality, the power exists today as it did in the days of Christ. In the same manner the church has been slow to recognize the fact that man has a body as well as a soul. The so-called Christian Scientists have not yet made that discovery; but as they recognize no matter, it's no matter what they recognize.

The healing ministry of Christ can be restored without injury to either the medical profession or intelligent Christianity, and without detraction from either the doctor or the church.

The power of suggestion is manifest in every instance of Christ's healing. I also think it evident that He worked in full accord with natural laws; in fact, there is nothing supernatural. That which is called supernatural is superusurp or supernormal. The disciples worked on the same basis as did Jesus, the only difference, evidently, between the Master and His disciples was in the larger recognition of a power which was possessed by both; a power that was active in the one, latent in the other.

"Because the works of Christ were apparently a deviation from the known laws of nature," said the late Dr. Hudson, "is no evidence whatever that they were beyond the pale of the law." Christ understood every impulse of the human soul. There was no phase of character that he did not read at a glance.

In the case of the man born blind, I do not believe that any learned theologian would contend that there was any efficacy in the ointment of the clay and the spittle, nor in the water of the pool of Siloam. These, however, were powerful conductors of suggestive force and psychological power.

The healing art, as practiced by Christ and His disciples, differed from the Emmanuel church, and some other modern methods in this regard—He knew no limitations and, knowing full well that a physician's diagnosis is not always infallible nor his judgment faultless, He did not ask for a physician's certificate as to the condition—organic or otherwise—but we are told that "He healed all manner of people." All that was required then; all that is required

now, is the implicit, unswerving, unflinching faith in the inherent power—not an extraneous force. The gist of the whole matter lies in the law of suggestion which, in the hands of a skillful psychotherapist, sets in motion the energizing principle of the soul—the dynamic thought-force.

Faith an Essential Element.

JESUS OF NAZARETH was the first to define this necessary condition. "His whole career," said the late Dr. Hudson, "was demonstrative of the truth of His declaration. All the experimental researches of nineteen supervenient centuries have served to confirm and illustrate its truth. In that declaration he summed up the whole law of mental healing in that one word "Faith." That was the one mental condition on the part of the patient which He constantly insisted upon as essential to the exercise of the power. That it was essential was clearly evidenced by the fact that He could not succeed in healing the sick in His native city "because of their unbelief."

Note the faith of the woman who "pressed through the throng and but touched the hem of His garment and was instantly cured after having suffered many things of many physicians for twelve years, and had spent all she had, and was nothing better, but rather grew worse."

This is the record given by Mark; but Luke, being a physician, gives a different account and thereby avoids any reflection on the medical profession.

Medical Men Accepting Psychotherapy.

PSYCHOPATHIC words are being established in many hospitals. Physicians still continue the study of the anatomy and physiology of the brain which, of course, is right and proper; but the progressive ones no longer neglect the study of its functions. That mental activities are capable of producing chemical and anatomical change in our bodies is a demonstrable fact. It is also true that, while properly directed thoughts are always conducive to conditions of health, perverted mental conditions as certainly produce functional and organic disease. Doctors are gradually getting away from drug medication as they realize that no doctor knows with any degree of certainty the action of the drug or poison he administers. He simply prescribes as he was taught or as subsequent observation and experience dictate, and then awaits the effect. In the meantime the patient can thank his strong constitution for having survived the treatment. The more suggestion is used as an adjunct to medicine the more successful is the physician.

Leading men in the medical world are rapidly coming to the front and acknowledging the power of suggestion. Dr. Frederick Van Eeden of Holland, the Dutch author, poet and physician, said to a large audience in New York City: "I gave up the practice of medicine years ago for the more effective treatment of suggestion."

Dr. Sheldon Leavitt of Chicago says: "After a medical and surgical practice of more than twenty-five years, I affirm that ordinary methods cannot cure as many cases of organic disease as can psychotherapy, and that they are wholly unable to cope with nervous disorders by the strict use of customary remedies. Approved psychotherapy makes as free and intelligent use of ordinary hygienic measures as does medicine; they are common property."

It is usually claimed by orthodox medical men that psychotherapy does not avail in other than functional disorders; therefore is not to be commended in organic diseases. But Dr. Hugo Munsterberg, the well-known psychologist and neuropathologist, says: "We recognize that every so-called functional disease has its organic basis, also."

A Good Book.

"HEALTH AND LONGEVITY THROUGH RATIONAL DIET." By Dr. Arnold Lorand, Physician to the Baths, Carlsbad, Austria. F. A. Davis Co., Philadelphia, Pa. 416 pages. Price \$2.50 net.

It is readily admitted by all dietitians that nutrition is essential to health. By nutrition is meant not merely food, but food possessed of nutritive value; therefore a correct knowledge of food values is indispensable.

Many books have been published on this subject, but we do not remember ever having seen any work along this line so thorough, so complete, so satisfying in its instructive features as the volume under consideration.

Dr. Lorand is not a mere theorist, but is thoroughly practical, having had an unusual opportunity to observe the harmful consequences of faulty nutrition during his many years of experience in the dietetic treatment of nearly every disorder to which flesh is heir, while he was practicing physician at Carlsbad—the greatest and the oldest of the world's health resorts.

This book is not to be read at one sitting, yet it is so intensely interesting to the seeker after health, and to the one who has health and wishes to retain it that he finds himself turning page after page quite loath to leave it.

Because we do not agree on every point does not make it any less valuable. It contains so much on which we do agree, it makes us well-nigh forget the differences and, instead, we are lost in admiration of the knowledge it contains, and the terse, concise and epigrammatic manner of expression.

There is no better way to bring the reader and the author together than to quote a few of the interesting and instructive features that are found throughout the volume.

In the first place, note the scope of the work as suggested by some of the chapters: "The Influence of Food Upon Man;" "The Fundamental Laws of Rational Feeding;" "The Injurious Modes of Feeding;" "The Good and Evil Effects of Various Food Substances;" "Vegetarianism, Its Advantages and Disadvantages;" "Hints for the Prevention of the Latter;" "The Practical Advantages of Rational Feeding;" "Hints for Those Obliged to Take Their Meals in a Restaurant;" "The Increased Activity of Certain Functions Brought About by Food;" "The Increased Muscular Power Resulting From a Suitable Diet;" "The Relationship of Food to Old Age and Longevity."

Says Dr. Lorand: "Man and beast are made what they are by their food and, therefore, we are able by a deliberate choice of our food to influence our minds and bodies in the most favorable manner for the accomplishment of our best achievements. To bring about this result is the main object of our use of food."

"In order that man shall thrive on his food, it must be varied and, above all, it must contain sufficient nitrogen; i.e., albumin—though not too much, or it may prove injurious. When, however, the diet contains too little thereof, it is much more harmful."

We see this in the Hindus, who live mainly upon rice and millet. They, as well as the majority of the Japanese people, who also feed almost exclusively on rice, and likewise the Chinese and Malays, are all thin; and since the nitrogen is not sufficiently represented in their nourishment, they very rarely grow tall, with the possible exception of the Manchus, who resort to a rather richer nitrogenous diet. Stout people are almost never seen among the vegetarian negro tribes, who also remain lean, while, on the contrary, the negroes living on a mixed diet in the United States often show a considerable abdominal development.

"While the nations living principally upon rice and other foods equally poor in nitrogen are lacking in energy and initiative, they possess another characteristic in which they surpass other nations; viz., their untiring capacity for work. When a meat eater has a heavy load to carry, he soon becomes overheated, perspires and very soon grows tired. It is quite otherwise with the carbohydrate-eating vegetarian. The ability to work is maintained through combustion of the carbohydrates, and the vegetarians are able to continue certain kinds of work, such as marching, rowing, etc., much longer than meat eaters, without being so 'fatigued.'

We quote thus largely on the diet question because of the great interest and controversy regarding the subject. The consensus of opinion, however, is that the vegetarian diet is best adapted to those requiring continued endurance; the meat, or rather the mixed diet for very laborious work for a short period.

Attention is called to the doctor's idea of "the injurious effects of drinking water

poor in lime." He claims that "soft water is used, many men are found capable of the military service; the measurements, too, are smaller, and calculus is very prevalent."

This is rather a startling doctrine, strikes us that the absence of the lime in the water and can be fully supplied (as necessary) by the lime in the foods that element—yolk of egg, spinach, being very rich in lime and phosphate.

The doctor positively recommends drinking of hard water; therefore have no more complaint in regard to Los Angeles River water.

The doctor says: "When we cure or prevent anemia we should be taking expensive medicaments and official preparations of iron, eat such as spinach, yolk of eggs, beef, apples, cherries, almonds, lentils, rice, peas, potatoes, grapes, etc." We heartily agree.

Here is another disputable question, seems no nearer solution than ever. Chloride is an absolutely indispensable nutrient salt. Herbivorous animals possess a veritable mania for it; and is visable in a cow stable, for instance, hanging up a large piece of salt. It is to see the cows licking all manner of objects in search of it. Sheep, also, and stand the bad weather in the fields if sufficient salt is given to their food. The diet of these animals contains a large amount of potassium. Bunge has shown that when salt has been ingested in vegetable form, soda is withdrawn from the blood in consequence; this must then be made up in the food. Thus, in eating meat, require a great deal of common salt; they contain much potassium and soda. The passage of a large amount of salt, however, is not at all good for the kidneys, as they may be injured.

Thus, the excess of salt may injure the kidneys, but it has no injurious effect taken in small quantities, daily, the kidneys are healthy."

There is much sound reasoning in this chapter regarding a one-sided diet, animal or vegetable. The author said as to the doctor's recommendation of drinking of water—too much water, also, regarding the drinking of water during meals.

Cheese is highly spoken of, as follows: "As a food it possesses a nutritive value of any, and the most albumin, exceeding in the meat and the most nourishing vegetable foods. If an adult eats a day, one-half kilo (one pound) rich cheese, one-half litre (one quart) of milk, a large piece of white butter for the latter, a full ration; and there is no sufficient nourishment which is more and less injurious for the various parts of the body. Cheese, notwithstanding its nutritive content, does not contain uric acid, nor does it fight the symptoms of uric acid, nor does it fight the kidneys or the liver, if the kidneys are healthy."

The remarks on milk diet, the drinking of raw milk, sterilized or Pasteurized, are given in the early stages of careful reading.

The author, evidently, is not judging from the following: "In a recent case, proper administration of a healthy sweat, a fever. The liberal use of enemas is effective for throwing the disease. Furthermore, it may have been caused by the child—in the great heat of the disease, it is more dangerous. Now then, any indication of fever, deal with the symptoms, the fight must be before the fever. It is my habit to administer enemas when the disease is more dangerous. But when the temperature is high, the homeopathic treatment—and according to the early stages of the disease, it is more dangerous. As in a recent case, proper administration of a healthy sweat, a fever. The liberal use of enemas is effective for throwing the disease. Furthermore, it may have been caused by the child—in the great heat of the disease, it is more dangerous. Now then, any indication of fever, deal with the symptoms, the fight must be before the fever. 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Plain Truths,
and Simple.

This Human Body of Ours.

Curious Things About It
and How We Abuse It.

Family Hygienes.

[New York: not the Physician.—*Hislopian*]

Hygienist Adept Sick Children.

poor in lime." He claims that "when soft water is used, many men are found capable of the military service; the measurements, too, are smaller, and the cecum is very prevalent."

This is rather a startling declaration strikes us that the absence of the lime in the water and can be fully supplied (if necessary) by the lime in the foods containing that element—yolk of egg, spinach, being very rich in lime and phosphorus. The doctor positively recommends drinking of hard water; therefore have no more complaint in regard to Los Angeles River water.

The doctor says: "When we wish to cure or prevent anemia we should, instead of taking expensive medicaments and concoctions of iron, eat such foods as spinach, yolk of eggs, beef, apples, cherries, almonds, lentils, straw-peas, potatoes, grapes, etc." To this the doctor heartily agrees.

Here is another disputable question: seems no nearer solution than ever.

Chloride is an absolutely indispensable nutrient salt. Herbivorous animals possess a veritable mania for it; and it is visible in a cow stable, for instance, hanging up a large piece of salt if one sees the cows licking all manner of objects in search of it. Sheep, also, and stand the bad weather better than the fields if sufficient salt is given to their food. The diet of these animals contains a large amount of potash salts. Bunge has shown that when much salt has been ingested in vegetable foods, soda is withdrawn from the blood in consequence; this must then be made up in the food. Thus, in eating potato require a great deal of common salt, they contain much potash and very little salt. The passage of a large amount of salt, however, is not at all good for the kidneys, as they may be injured. Thus, the excess of salt may injure the kidneys, but it has no injurious action taken in small quantities, daily, and the kidneys are healthy."

There is much sound reasoning in chapter regarding a one-sided diet, whether animal or vegetable. The same may be said as to the doctor's remarks on drinking of water—too much or too little, also, regarding the drinking or not during meals.

Cheese is highly spoken of, as follows: "As a food it possesses the nutritive value of any, and also the most albumin, exceeding, in this meat and the most nourishing among vegetable foods. If an adult takes a day, one-half kilo (one pound), rich cheese, one-half litre (one pint) of milk, a large piece of white cheese, and a sufficient butter for the latter, he will have a full ration; and there is probably no nourishment which is more rich and less injurious for the various organs of the body. Cheese, notwithstanding its nutritive content, does not lead to the formation of uric acid, nor does it irritate the kidneys or the liver, if the kind used too old."

The remarks on milk diet, and on the drinking of raw milk instead of sterilized or Pasteurized form are of careful reading.

The author, evidently, is not a vegetarian, judging from the following: "It is the object of these lines to prove that a vegetarian diet, when continued for a time, is a very unhealthful and mode of nourishment. I have never been a strict vegetarian who did not become thin. There cannot possibly be a scientific basis for such an erroneous theory. The most important source of energy in our foods, the albumin, is very slightly represented, and in the intestines owing to the assimilation."

The diet especially recommended he calls "the milk-egg-vegetable diet" best adapted for man." Of this diet the author discourses lucidly and convincingly.

The book is a valuable acquisition. It is a veritable mine of information, and should be at hand for reference, and these may also be in symptoms, and overcome as

Vigorously yours,
EDWARD R. WARD

such. But with the preliminary cleansing of the intestines, the mastering of the fever, and the effecting of a free, full sweat—care being taken that there is no after exposure—the disease is not likely to develop new and dangerous complications.

"There should never be worry over the fact that a child's appetite fails at such times. An occasional small glass of orange juice will usually be acceptable to the little sufferer. Thin corn-meal gruel with cream, lamb broth, a baked potato, and other such light and harmless foods may be given as the appetite returns.

"Pet animals should never be admitted to the sick room. It is within the range of possibilities that the disease from which the child is suffering may, in some form, attack the little animal. If it does not, the little animal may still be the means of carrying the germs to some perfectly well persons.

"Let it also be remembered that grown persons are not necessarily immune from the diseases of children, and that when attacked, they usually suffer much more serious complications than do the little ones.

"Another thing, good parents. Do not expose your children unnecessarily to any disease, under the impression that it is best for them to 'catch' it and 'have it over with.' The disease which may be passed through safely and easily by one child may carry off the next one in a few days."

Side of Tongue Paralyzed.

Private Robert Jeffery, Co. F, New York Volunteers, was wounded at Pittsburgh, July 3, 1863. He was lying on his breast

with his head raised, when the ball struck him on the front of the nose, on a line with the internal canthus, fracturing the nasal

bones, and passing downward through the left antrum, the hard palate, and the left

side of the tongue opposite the last molar tooth, came out on the left side of the neck, opposite the upper border of the thyroid

cartilage. The wound bled freely, and several spiculae of bone were removed. Simple dressings were applied, the mouth was

frequently washed with a solution of borax. He improved rapidly under this treatment, and by August 1 the wound of entrance had

entirely closed, occluding the left nostril. The wound through the hard palate had diminished in size, leaving a fistulous opening

communicating with the left antrum; that

of the tongue had cicatrized, and was adherent to the side of the jaw by false adhesions, and traumatic paralysis was so

well marked that in attempting to protrude

the tongue it was strongly drawn to the left

side; his articulation was slightly impaired.

He was discharged January 19, 1864, with

but slight deformity considering the nature

of the injury.

Dead Men's Organs Cured the Living.

The horrors of war may be considerably modified if by using organs of men who have been killed the lives of other men may be saved. That this can be done appears to have been successfully demonstrated during the recent Balkan war.

According to a letter received by George F. Viett of Norfolk, Va., from M. Cremedas, a young Greek

who left Norfolk with a number of his countrymen to fight against the Turks, the opportunity of the war was improved by Dr.

Valois Damien of Paris to perform some remarkable surgical experiments. According to Cremedas, Dr. Damien brought with him from Paris ninety wealthy patients suffering with diseased kidneys and other organs, and established an invalid camp at Philates, a small town fifteen miles from Janina. Commanders of the divisions at the front were given orders to send Dr. Damien all recently-killed soldiers that he needed. The experiments then commenced.

Upon the receipt of a dead body the doctor and his assistants proceeded to transfer the healthy and still living organs desired from the corpse to the body of one of his patients. Old men on the verge of the grave from Bright's disease had the source of their trouble removed and the healthy organs of some strong man put in their place.

These transfers are said to have included

no less than three of the vital bodily organs and numerous smaller operations,

in which forty were a complete success, while

there was only a loss of ten out of the

number.

The success of these experiments indicates the possibilities there may be in saving

the lives of desperately wounded soldiers.

diers by grafting from the bodies of other soldiers who have been killed

Control of One's Pulsebeats.

[London Standard:] A man recently exhibited himself in London, who, it is said,

gave an extraordinary demonstration of phenomenal muscle manipulation and stopping the beating of the heart before members

of the medical profession in London,

"By years of hard work, careful study and

immense concentration of mind," the athlete

in question "can manipulate his muscles

so that he can stop the beating of his heart

for an extent never before deemed possible in medical history," says the report.

Many men have by exercises developed

enormous muscles, but they have been in

visible and remained firm to the touch even

when relaxed. But this athlete can relax

his muscles to such an extent that "by

shaking his arm he can make the biceps

quiver like reeds shaken by the wind."

More than this, he can stop the beating of

his heart for more than twenty seconds, and

retard or accelerate his pulse at will,

thereby defying the laws of nature. There

is no authentic case of this feat ever having

been accomplished before. In the second

of the photographs published the flesh

has been drawn tightly into the throat and

up under the jaws by muscular contraction,

"all being as solid as a block of marble."

In another the muscles of the neck

are made distinct. Still another shows un

usual manipulation of the abdomen. The

athlete "can draw in his stomach to an ex

traordinary degree, and also protrude it as

much in the opposite direction."

It is also claimed that this performer can

remain under water from six to eight min

utes, and that he can live for a protracted

time when buried.

Eyesight Restored by Prayer.

[Cincinnati Enquirer:] While kneeling in prayer Sunday morning in the chapel of the City Infirmary Joseph T. Miller, aged 57, who had been blind for years, suddenly regained his sight. When Miller entered the infirmary six years ago he did not relax his efforts to have his sight restored. He plodded from the office of one eye specialist to another in the hope that the film of darkness could be removed from his sightless eyes. Physician after physician, however, turned the blind man away with the statement that medical skill could avail him nothing, classing his case as a hopeless one.

Heavy at heart Sunday morning as he was led to his pew in the chapel, Miller knelt down and fervently prayed that he be permitted to die or have his vision restored.

As the words dropped from his lips the heavy mist that had so long hung before his eyes was suddenly dispelled and the sunlight, shining through the stained chapel windows, entered his eyes. The shaft of light caused Miller to experience a sensation which he had not felt for many years and he instinctively threw his hands over his eyes to shield them from the unaccustomed glare.

The next moment he realized what had happened, and loudly exclaimed that God had given him back his sight, and while still on his knees he offered up thanks for the prompt response to his prayer.

Monday morning Miller had fully recovered his sight, and spent several hours reading the newspaper. He was greatly touched when he read of the death of Dr. Forchheimer, whom he had known personally.

[St. Louis Globe Democrat:] Warning against the fly as the most common cause of infantile paralysis was given by Dr. E. W. Saunders of St. Louis, in an address before the Missouri Medical Association. Dr. Saunders traced a connection between infantile paralysis and the raising of poultry, and gave this as an explanation why the disease is more prevalent in country and suburban districts than in the crowded part of a city.

While experiments were not complete, he said, he was confident final tests would demonstrate a connection between "limber neck" in fowls and infantile paralysis. His theory is that flies carry the germs of infantile paralysis from the carcasses of fowls and possibly from the carcasses of hogs and dogs to food. This contaminated food is eaten by children and infantile paralysis results.

Poultry and Infantile Paralysis.

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Jaunt Through Mexico
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWELVE.)

have shouted as fervently for Diaz or Madero as we were now prepared to shout for El Colorado and his "cause." Then we offered him food, but he declined and ordered his men to prepare supper at some distance from our camp.

"But will you not be seated and tell us something of the conditions of the country?" I asked, wondering if this soft-spoken fellow were the veritable "Red" Lopez of fearful repute.

"We are fighting for political freedom," he said, sitting opposite us by the fire; "for equal rights and the division of the land. The agrarian question has long been of the foremost importance in Mexico, and even Don Porfirio realized that the time was coming when the overlords of the great haciendas would have to make some concessions to the countless thousands of men, women and children who work, rot and die that the master and his family may live in luxury befitting kings. It is said, and perhaps truly, that the land is held by fewer than 7000 men, while the other 14,993,000 are virtually their slaves. One may find, here and there, a small rancho, where a poor man has struggled and made a home, but it is the exception. The sweltering millions have no ghost of a chance to acquire even a foot of ground, if they toll a lifetime: so we, the poor, have risen against the government to redress the wrongs of the oppressed and settle once and for all time the agrarian question.

"The methods of Madero are too slow," he went on, the wild light of the anarchist gleaming in his eyes, "even if he be faithful to the trust that we, the people, have reposed in him; and I, for one, am beginning to doubt his honesty, for he has broken many pledges and put into places of power all the members of his family. They control the treasury, everything, and have assumed greater power than Don Porfirio ever had. And Madero is weak and inefficient. Puff!" He subsided and leisurely rolled a cigarette. He had the face of a martyr, a bandit and a dreamer, all in one.

We hastened to agree with him, and then Molly ventured to speak. "If any of your men have been wounded, señor," she said, "we shall be glad to be of service."

Attended the Wounded.

"Caramba!" El Colorado said, springing up quickly and running up the canyon. We followed with medicine cases, bandages and rolls of cotton.

A sickening hour passed. More than a third of the men had open wounds, some of which they had not even attempted to bandage. They sat stolidly through the ordeal of cleansing and binding, never wincing, although the pain must have been intense. Once when I poured a 20 per cent. solution of carbolic acid into a ghastly wound in a man's shoulder, he laughed immoderately to conceal his suffering. The sickening odor of iodine permeated the canyon, and as Molly and I scrubbed our hands after the revolting ordeal, she said: "So far, so good, Amy; but the night cometh."

"Fear not, Fat Girl," I said lightly, though I was far from fearless myself.

When we went to our tent we agreed that Molly was to watch until midnight while I slept; then I would watch until morning; or if anyone attempted to enter the tent, we would fire in every direction as long as our cartridges lasted. "I shall sell my life dearly," Molly said, with a firm, set mouth and pucker'd brow, as she sat on her cot while I lay down, fully dressed and pistol in hand.

The next thing I knew it was dawn and I had slept nine solid hours. Molly was breathing deeply on her cot, but when I wakened her, she indignantly denied that she had done more than close her eyes; that she had watched through the night; she couldn't have slept for a million dollars and hadn't had the heart to waken me; and she always stuck to her story.

El Colorado sent two of his best men with us, according to his promise, and after bidding him and his men adios, with many flattering expressions, we mounted our mules and rode away, ascending the steep Sahuayan Mountain, then down to the mine of the same name and later reached the little town near the river. The place was deserted, save for three old men. They begged us for some sugar and coffee and we gave them what we could spare in exchange for a few eggs. The rebels had raided the

place repeatedly, they told us; alas! sad days had fallen upon the once prosperous mining town; but they would not complain, for El Colorado had told them that he was out to redress their wrongs; and El Colorado was a true patriot and a gentleman. To be sure, he had asked them to contribute to the "cause," even to their last cow, but patriots must eat and good times were sure to come soon.

We passed to the north of the great Pilar del Socorro and the glove-shaped Pilar de la Cienega and ascended to the heights above the Templar mine, from which we caught a glimpse of the Moris River far, far below, amidst tropicalowering vines and many thorny bushes; then from the magnificent forest, with white violets, windflowers, red and white gillas, and flaming dahlias, we descended into the canyon of La Trompa. We crossed and recrossed the dazzling stream and there was a great whirling of wings overhead—those of bright-hued parrots, screaming chachalacas, or mountain grouse, bold butcher-birds and many brilliant cardinal birds. It was good to be among the banana groves again, as we approached La Trompa, and farther down oranges, lemons, figs and other semi-tropical and tropical fruit gladdened our weary eyes.

The Mozos Again.

The canyon widened considerably as the "hot country" was reached. The houses were strung along for two miles on the north side for coolness, and the people came running out, wild-eyed and wondering to see us alive and well, for the mozos had reached the place the night before, telling a wonderful tale of their own prowess when we had been attacked by El Colorado and his band of rebels; but they could not hold out, two mere lads, and so they had, quite naturally, having an old father and mother to support, saved themselves, as was clearly their duty; while Molly and I had been left reluctantly to our fate.

We assured the boys that they had done quite the correct thing, for had we not decided to be all things to all men while in Mexico? Then, again, mozos were not to be picked up every day and we wanted them to pilot us back to La Dura a little later.

Only women, children and a few old men were left at La Trompa. All the able-bodied men were away, fighting for the "cause." They were sure to win and all would be rich and happy. We agreed with them, and after partaking of the hospitality of the principal owner of the great ranch of San Jose de la Trompa, and stopping a few minutes at every house along the trail, we reached our own deserted houses just before dusk. They were built a hundred feet apart, but the mines were high in the Sierra to the south, four miles distant. In winter we had lived at La Junta and in summer at the mines.

Indians Eager for News.

We had left an old Pima Indian in charge of the houses and found nothing taken. The old man was so dazed at our sudden appearance that he could hardly speak for hours; but the next morning he, as well as our visitors from the ranch above, eagerly asked questions about existing conditions in Mexico. Had their troops really crossed the border and taken Texas? And was it true that this victory was to be followed up by taking California, Arizona and New Mexico, in fact, all the territory to the north of the Rio Grande that had once been Mexican soil? Was Madero already dividing the great estates among the poor? These and a hundred other questions we answered as tactfully as we could, taking care to air our own views not at all.

We had intended to remain only a fortnight at La Junta, but the Pima boys begged for a month with the old folks and there were no other mozos to be had for love or money. We put in our time in packing our pottery, blankets, books and curios, in receiving visitors and paying calls to our kind-hearted neighbors. Then, when we could persuade old Pedro, our house mozo, the two Indian boys and one or two of the old men to accompany us, we hunted in the barrancas that led into the vast chasm of the Rio Mayo. Night after night we lay near the river, partly covered with brush, and awaited the coming of the "tigres" which had been eating calves with alarming frequency about La Trompa. The rainy season was not yet at hand and most of the water holes had dried up. The animals had to come to the river to drink. One morning just as dawn was breaking, Molly

poked me gently with her rifle and, sitting up, I saw a magnificent jaguar come down the trail with catlike tread and go down to the river. We fired simultaneously and with a terrible roar the creature turned and made for us. Two more shots and she rolled in the sand on the river bank, dead. She was the finest specimen of Felis onca ever shot in La Trompa district and measured nine feet and nine inches from tip to tip. We subsequently shot two other jaguars near the same spot, but they were much younger and smaller, although the skins were magnificent, with the true tiger markings on the heads.

Plenty of Game.

There were deer in the pine forest to the north and our rifles supplied us with venison, also with quail, doves and other small game. Wild turkeys were seldom seen and were the most difficult of all game to secure. We never shot any, but the Pima boys succeeded in trapping two. They weighed thirty-two and thirty-four pounds when dressed, and the meat was white and very tender. The greatest sport of all, however, was hunting wild pigs, which in Northern Sonora are called by the Piman word taquachi. They are slightly different from the javelin of Northwestern Mexico and Texas and from the animal called peccary in South Africa. The fur is very thick, long and soft, the tail is ten to fourteen inches in length and perfectly bare, with markings not unlike a diamond-backed rattlesnake, in some cases. The average weight is about thirty-two pounds. Their sharp tusks are from two to three inches in length. The flesh is strong but tender.

The place where they are found in the greatest abundance is in a savage canyon a day's travel from La Junta, to the north, over the steepest trails that I have ever seen in Mexico or elsewhere. We rode but little and made camp on the Mesa Capulin, a lovely spot where wild cherry trees, similar to the northern "choke" cherry, had supplanted all other growth. The trees were covered with snowy blossoms, and there was plenty of water in the springs. We ate under a lovely tree and set the alarm clock for three in the morning. Hastily making coffee and frying bacon, we breakfasted before dawn, took a large package of luncheon, drinking cups and all the weapons we had assembled at La Trompa and made our way down the steep escarpment and into the savage canyon. The usual way of getting the little taquachis to come out of their lairs is to scatter about fresh meat, for which they will fight each other to the death. The Pima boys had killed a deer the day previous. This was cut into small pieces and, while the rest of the party entrenched themselves in a small cavern above the stream, one of the boys started up the canyon, scattering meat and firing his revolver. The taquachis seemed to spring from the very earth, so numerous were they. They pounced upon the fresh meat, fighting frantically for the last morsel. Then, as they came tearing down the canyon, about fifty of them, the three men and boys went forth to meet them with their long, sharp machetes.

The faces of the five Indians were aglow with pleasure, for killing taquachis with knives was the sport that they enjoyed above all others; and it had been agreed that Molly and I from the cave were not to fire unless told to do so. The knives were thrust this way and that, with unerring aim, and many of the little creatures were run through and through; but they were too many for the boys and they ran for the cave, calling on us to fire. We aimed unerringly and brought down one after another, but still they came on madly, smelling the meat that was yet in the cave; and just as they were almost upon us the Indians seized their weapons and fired, killing five, and the rest stopped, made as if to come on and then ran up the canyon. Again the boy scattered meat up the trail and again came the taquachis, this time augmented by at least twenty more; and more and more kept coming until it seemed as if there were a million of them. The Indians slashed to right and to left with sharp knives, retreating toward the cave as they fought and calling to us to fire. Again the Indians seized their weapons and we poured shot into them until they seemed to have had enough of the fierce game, and the remnant of the drove, about twenty, made for their lairs among the rocks and caves.

One of the men and both of the boys had been wounded slightly about the ankles and knees, and although they were eager to

continue the sport, Molly and I urged them to stop for an hour and had our wounds bound. Then more men came along the trail and out came more taquachis. The Indians made for them with their knives and, although the creatures fought fiercely with their tusks, they were left dead on the stream; and as the day was over, we decided to return to our camp. We came back the next morning, found the camp, and the Indians said.

Early the next morning a heavy storm arose and put an end to our hunting for the time, as the taquachis were induced to fight in damp weather.

Without News from Home.

The Pima boys delayed in camp and another and as no other news came to be had, we were forced to return to Junta through March and April, with no letters nor papers and know of what was going on in the world. Mexico. Now and then a postman in, telling wonderful tales of between Federal and bandits in Chihuahua, mostly the product of imagination.

We made several trips down along Rio Mayo, where we killed bobcats, a red fox and numerous and, on returning over a high ridge, the Indian village of Guadalupe, Pima killed a splendid mule.

What had I gained by this?

This is an ideal country but one must go far from the beaten trails, know the barricades as well, or take efficient guides. An average native is too lazy to be a good guide, it is rarely that a strong native is to be found. The Indian village of Guadalupe, between Sahuayan and the Rio Mayo, from east to west and from north to south, the country bordering on the Rio Mayo is especially exciting in the section of Mexico.

The first week in May, we made promises, we induced them when I fell, so as to start out with us for La Junta. On the same trails as before, and few scares, the trip was good experiences. La Dura was a bandit of rebels, Madero and Pino had been shot and Huerta and Diaz in control of the Federal government. Huerta had risen against the bandits and bands of predatory Indians all who fell into their hands need the ballot, that of remaining in the nation, that of remaining in the little pueblo, where in and rebel bands were numerous and going. But a few days later the road was repaired and a road for Guaymas. Twice the road was laid by burnt bridges could be put in place, and bullets were fired into the road!

We lay flat on the floor and only two of the party had slight wounds. We saw George just quit from the coach window. Could reach me, the Jove, he never said that many more were good looking, or was good enough for me. A woman's sphere's to be up voting

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